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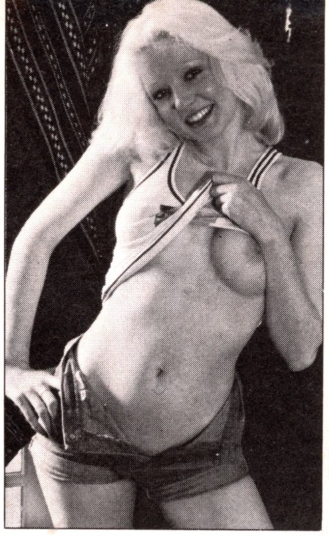

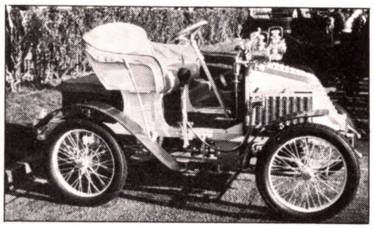

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Mayfair, vol.11, no.11 (Nov 1976)

Cover:

MAYFAIR
BIGGEST EVER
AUTUMN
EXTRAVAGANZA

Cover model: Elizabeth (Betty) Mary Frogmore | thread

Post(s): | Poster:

- #1 | Jim Lane
- #2 | Jim Lane

Model(s):

- Elizabeth (Betty) Mary Frogmore, GotM | thread
    1. post
- Franky Jordan
    1. post
- Laura Harris
    1. post
- Nancy Conway as Georgina Henry | thread
    1. post
- Nanna Berg
    1. post [partial]
    2. post
- Surekha Khan
- Wendy Paul
    1. post

GEORGINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN BICKERTON

If you wanted to be uncharitable, you'd call 22-year-old Georgina Henry a rich bitch. Money she has, looks she has and, should you aspire to such things, a very enviable life-style. Georgina comes from Chester, though on her own admission spends as little time as possible in the family manse. 'I'm afraid I find Chester terribly boring. It has this dull provincial mentality that I find totally stultifying. I go home for Christmas, but apart from that, I spend the minimum amount of time possible there. My parents are very understanding. I think they realise that I'm going through a bit of a footloose and fancy-free stage at the moment, so they just let me get on with it, which I think is terribly refreshing and enlightened. I do tend to scoot about a bit. I'm not in the slightest way enamoured of

London which I find awfully tawdry so I spend quite a bit of time with friends in the country or abroad. No, I don't work and haven't the slightest intention of doing so, thank you very much. My parents are quite well off as indeed are my men friends. I'm afraid I'm not one of those honest little souls for whom personality is the prime consideration. It's probably a great failing, but I'm a very materialistic person. I like money and the things that having money enables one to do. In fact, this modelling work is probably the first job I've had. It appealed to the hedonistic streak in me. I find the thought of being seen nude by however many readers it is you have incredibly stimulating.' Georgina relaxes her

36-24-36 into another pose and smiles. 'My men friends will probably be stimulated too. A couple are continually on at me to marry them, but I really can't face the prospect of being tied down. No ties, no complications. Yes, I do find it possible to have a sexual relationship with a man without necessarily feeling totally involved. I've been on the pill since I was 17 and sex is very enjoyable to me, but I don't regard it as being particularly special. My own view is that that concept is rather outmoded nowadays. Of course I don't go bestowing my favours on anyone, but if I like the man, I can't really see anything wrong in going to bed with him.' A grin. 'And that philosophy seems to be widely appreciated!'

NANNA

Nineteen-year-old Nanna Berg is the other face of the Northlands. For years we've been accustomed to a steady Scandinavian stream of blonde, statuesque, coolly sensational Viking maidens. No one could deny Nanna her ability to still the eye and speed the heart but her appeal is a quieter, gentler, more subtle kind: the shy, supple warmth of an untried *gamin*. It's a view of herself she would be the first to deny. Born in a farming area a Volvo's ride from Stockholm, she's more than at home with the rigours of a bleak landscape and the harshness of Nordic winters. 'Not that I don't love

the sun – in fact I drink it up whenever I can during the summer months, but I couldn't exist without the crispness and clarity of the winter. Nothing else makes your skin tingle quite like that. I'm really an open air enthusiast. I couldn't exist without a visit to the country at least

once a week. My favourite activity is cross country ski-ing. It's very hard work, but enormous fun. I've covered 20 kilometres in one day before now. It makes you very fit, very slim.'
One glance at Nanna's exquisite 34–23–34 inches amply confirms that opinion. Away from the sun, or the snowfields Nanna

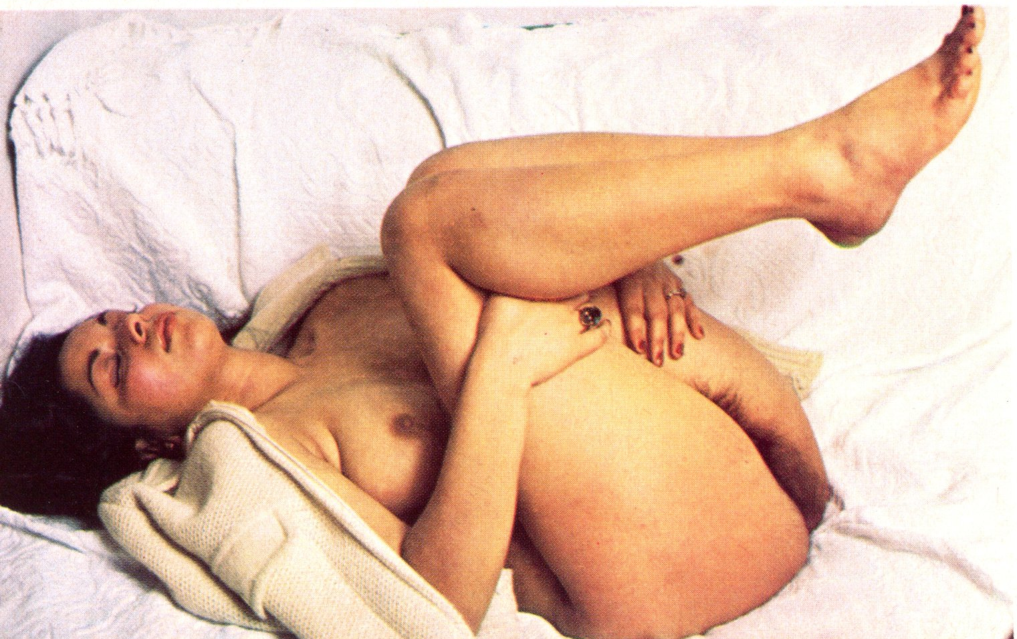
pores over University textbooks in her chosen subject, English. 'I love reading; the only hardship is writing down what I think about it afterwards. I feel better than I think!' Leaving little time for boyfriends? 'Oh, no, I have one special friend and I expect we will live together one day. I've had one other important affair, and I do have other boyfriends, but I could never be promiscuous. I'm attracted by some people straightaway. But I think it's a good idea to wait until you're completely sure that you really like them. That way you're much less likely to be disappointed. At least I never have been so far.'

SUREKHA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

The appearance of 25-year-old Surekha Khan in the pages of the magazine is something of a *Mayfair* milestone, as it's the first time we've ever featured an Indian girl in a photo-set. Surekha, who measures 36B–24–36, lives outside London in Morden, Surrey, was born in Bombay and came to England fifteen years ago. 'My first impression was how cold it was,' recalls Surekha with a smile. 'We went by boat from Bombay to Genoa and then overland, finally ending up at Victoria Station on a bleak November day. We lived up in Hampstead and I went to the Haverstock Secondary School where I got five O-levels and two A-levels. I left school when I was 18 and went to work in a large bank in the City where I've been ever since, working on the Foreign Exchange desk – changing people's travellers

cheques and currency and things like that.' Even though Surekha is now firmly Anglicised, she still retains a number of very Indian beliefs. It came as a surprise, for example, to discover that she's still, cheerfully – proudly even – a virgin. 'That's partly due to religious training and partly due to the fact that I'm saving it for when I get married,' she maintains firmly. 'I don't mind just necking, but no more than that. I haven't read any of the famous works of Indian erotica like *The Perfumed Garden* or *The Karma Sutra,* though of course I know about them. I do think Indian women have this traditional desire to please their mate and to be faithful to one man. I certainly intend on doing so anyway. I like my men to be easy-going and to have a sense of humour; but I just can't stand moodies. They tend to drive me up the wall.' When feet are firmly planted on *terra firma* though, it can't come as much of a surprise to discover that Surekha is a frequent habitué of Indian restaurants. And what about favourite men? 'Omar Sharif,' she smiles, 'he's dark and dishy. And my boyfriend, of course.'



Betty

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

It's not very easy having a serious conversation with 20-year-old Elizabeth Mary Frogmore. Not that she's any less bright or exciting than any of the other supergirls who have filled our centre pages. In fact with her three 'A' Levels and newly minted diploma in double-entry book keeping, shorthand and all the arts of secretaryship the effect is very much the opposite. The reason is simplicity itself. 'I just can't stop giggling,' she says, fixing us for one rare lingering moment with wide-stretched big blue eyes that instantly crinkle at the corners into mirth. 'I'm sorry,' she gasps. 'It's terrible. Sometimes I think it's a curse. If you giggle inanely at some man's jokes he either thinks you're an idiot or madly

besotted with him. They won't believe I'm just happy! The only good thing about it is it's useful if I really don't fancy anyone. Men get ever so upset if you laugh at them when they're trying to get you into bed. Though I must admit' – her look grows baby-dollish – 'the only man who laughed back I fell for instantly.

It took me ages to convince him that really I did like him after all.' Five feet three, 36-24-36 inch Betty – 'I'm just not Elizabeth; much too regal' – is currently sharing a North London flat in search of 'the ideal boss. Kind, very friendly, *very* tolerant and he must be able to laugh.' Somewhere is a very lucky man.

WENDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL BRAMMAN

Innocent and sweet of face, gentle and demure of manner, 20-year-old Wendy Paul is not the sort of girl you would expect to find waving an extremely seductive pair of G-string panties in the Royal Albert Hall on the last night of the Proms. Even at the third telling this 36–25–36 inch art student blushes profusely. 'I knew you wouldn't let me forget that,' she smiles. 'It happened last year, just after I'd started my present course in London. I'm very fond of the classics and friends of mine had got into the Royal College of Music, so we went to the Proms regularly – especially the final night, which as you know is very boisterous. I can't wear

anything against my skin unless it's very soft indeed – I've a drawful of silk knickers at home which cost me a fortune – but I'd run out. I wasn't going out without pants, even under the long shift dress I was wearing, so my flatmate came up with this amazing stripper's thing some boyfriend had given her. Of course I had to go and tell the fellows I was with. I forgot I'd said it until the second chorus of Sea shanties and everyone started to go wild. One of the boys I was with said to me: 'Go on, give them a wave.' Then all the others started on about my pants. I couldn't stop laughing I felt so embarrassed, but they kept on and on, so at the end of *Rule Britannia* I thought, 'Blow it!' and very quickly I slipped out of them and gave them a wave. There was such a roar I ducked down and pretended I wasn't there! I couldn't believe it. It wasn't like me at all. I'm only glad that no one spotted me on television, or so I was told later.' Our loss, Wendy.

KENT

LAURA

They do say, m'dear, that Wiltshire be one of the most mysterious counties in all of England. Stonehenge and its ancient Druidic rites; the Avebury ring; the town of Warminster, oft-visited by what some claim to be flying saucers; and Silbury Hill, dark and brooding, its roots stretching back into prehistory, now rather incongruously adjacent to the A4. 'Nobody is really sure about Silbury Hill,' remarks 23-year-old Laura Harris. 'It is in fact an artificial structure built by prehistoric man – it's the largest of its type in Europe. I've always been totally fascinated by it. I was born quite near in Marlborough and found myself drawn by Silbury from a very early age. I've got this strange affinity with it that's hard to explain but nevertheless very potent.' She smiles. 'I am interested in the occult so perhaps that explains it. Many times, especially on Midsummer Day, I've been to the top of Silbury to welcome the dawn. Nude of course. Clothes restrict you and enclose you. Nudity gives you a great sense of freedom.' Laura runs her hands over her 36–24–36. 'I do feel very tingly on those occasions, but I don't feel there's anything particularly sexy or erotic about stripping off on a hill. It's funny. I feel aroused and excited, but not turned-on, if you see what I mean.' Laura giggles. 'You must think I'm a real loony going on like this, but the place does have a certain aura. Maybe you'll experience it for yourself sometime – if you're nude.'

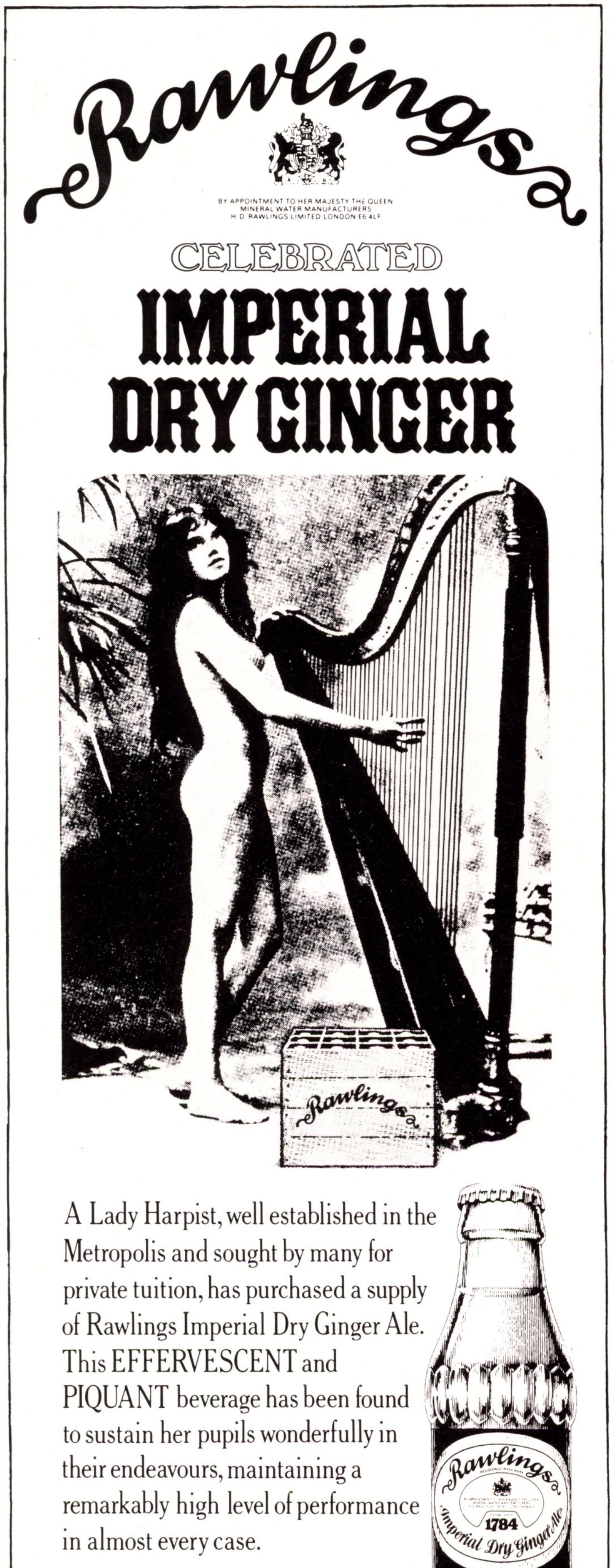
FRANKY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

Twenty-year-old Franky Jordan mostly keeps her trim, 36C-20-36 figure well-hidden from the public gaze, underneath a layer of snug-fitting blue denim. 'I practically live in my jeans,' she confides, 'though I sometimes wonder what I must look like to other people. Well, is my bottom too big?' Hers being almost indistinguishable from the other tightly packed bums lining the outside of Carshalton's *Greyhound* pub. 'Some girls look absolutely terrible in jeans . . . great, huge spreading bottoms. Uuggh, a real turn off, if I were a fellow.' She takes another sip of her Heineken and then lights up a cigarette, blowing a long thin stream of wispy blue smoke into the dark. 'Funny, that,' she continues, 'When I was a kid I'd much rather play with a football or play trains with my older brother than play with stupid girls' things like dolls. I think that I'd much prefer

to be a boy. They have all the fun. Why should they? It's not fair. Look at you . . . being surrounded by dozens of nude women all day, having your pick so to speak. Why should men have all the fun while women have the pain and bring up kids.' When not drowning her sorrows at the pub, Franky spends much of her time in the company of her girlfriend/flatmate, discothequeing, party-going-and-organising, and generally having a good time. 'I've got no boyfriend at the moment,' she says with an air of relief. 'I've been let down on a number of occasions. Maybe I just wasn't the type of girl they were looking for. One chap I fancied quite a lot . . . I met him at a disco and went to bed with him, turned out to be married, the bloody sod, although I didn't know it at the time. He'd even borrowed one of his mates' flats for the night.' She fidgets, her pert-nippled breasts goggling as she does so. Bra? 'No, I didn't wear one tonight although I usually do. I mean my boosies are quite full, my back isn't all that broad, and they feel uncomfortable if I don't support them. Even when I don't wear a bra, I have to wear something quite thick on top because of my quite striking, large areolae. If I were to wear no bra and, say, a cheesecloth top, not only would my nipples stand out but they would be surrounded by these

huge dark saucers, and although I like people to compliment me on my figure and to take notice, seeing that I *am* a woman, I'd hate it if it were only my nipples which attracted them.' Beside her girlfriend, Franky shares her south London flat with Johnny, a seven-month-old Mongolian gerbil. 'Did you know that there was a Mongolian gerbil society in Britain?' she asks, with an air that makes one uncertain if she is pulling our leg. 'I don't belong to it, but I've read about it. I guess you'll have realised that the gerbil and I are called Franky and Johnny, well that's Chris's little joke, she's my flatmate, and named him that after that old song, "Frankie and Johnny were lovers . . ." I forget how it goes.' Seriously though, Franky can't wait to move out. 'This area is so dead, there's nothing open on Sundays, no local store . . . it's so boring, so *suburbiton*. I've got married friends who tell me that it's like that throughout the outer south western suburbs, like Surbiton on a busy day. I think I'll use the money I got for modelling on moving a bit further in, or maybe right out of London altogether, it would certainly be cheaper, and as I'm a typist-cum-secretary, though my shorthand's not that good, I don't think it would be too hard to find a job in the country, but somewhere where the shops are open on Sunday.'



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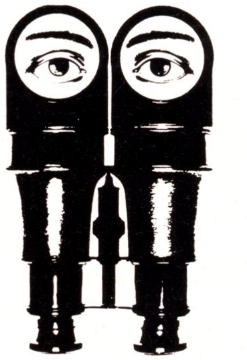
SCENE



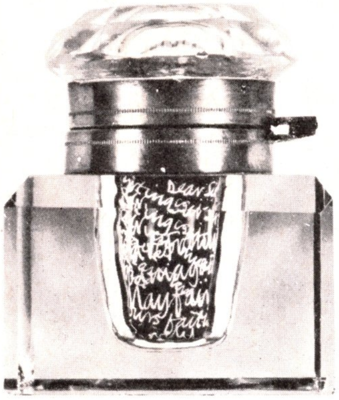
Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

August and September were pretty good months for all of us here at *Mayfair*. In August we celebrated our tenth birthday and on September 13, the champagne corks popped again when we were informed of the latest National Readership Survey figures. These showed *Mayfair* to have a readership of some 1.7 million – more than any man's magazine on sale in Britain today. These figures are based upon research undertaken in the period July 1975 – June 1976 by JICNARS (Joint Industry Committee for National Readership Surveys), which is a totally independent body. Not unnaturally, our position as number one in our field delights us enormously, for in a sense, it's a vindication of the editorial policy we have followed over the years. Beneath our logo on the front cover, you'll see a line that reads 'Entertainment For Men' and that, in a nutshell, is what *Mayfair* is all about: a balanced package, carefully designed to appeal to as wide an audience as possible. We don't imagine for one moment that every single one of our 1.7 million readers likes every single item in the magazine – be it the girls, Quest, letters, fiction or motoring, there's sure to be one particular item you turn to first every month. By the same token, other pages of the magazine just won't appeal as much. But it's this happy knack we seem to have acquired of producing a magazine that appeals to the broadest possible spectrum which has taken us where we are – high and dry at the top of the pack. There's more to come too, because we believe that leaders should also be innovators and to this end, we're currently engaged in preparing what we believe will be the greatest single issue of any British magazine for men. That's our Christmas issue – at 180 pages our biggest-ever. It'll cost a once-only 75p and will feature ten gorgeous girls plus our annual review of best birds. You can read more about this bumper package on page 50, but suffice it to say for the present that for our 1.7 million readers, this Christmas is going to be very merry.

Amongst those 1.7 million readers of ours can be numbered a large proportion of the men aboard HMS *Ark Royal*. Viewers of the BBC-TV documentary series 'Sailor' will have noted that a read of *Mayfair* is a highly-favoured leisure-time pursuit on board the ship and indeed one Officer under training went even further. This splendid gentleman, an Oxford graduate incidentally, was lecturing ratings on descriptive use of English and suggested that if they wanted to read good descriptive English, they could do no better than to look at *Mayfair's* letters pages. 'There you will find,' he averred, 'the best descriptive prose in English literature today.' Well, who are we to argue? We've always maintained that our letters pages were a bit special – it's nice to see an independent confirmation of this view.

Talking of good descriptive English, a book has come our way recently which contains just that. The title is **Death Race – Le Mans 1955** by Mark Khan (Barrie & Jenkins £3.95), which describes the events surrounding the greatest disaster in motor racing history, when the Mercedes of Pierre Levegh ploughed into the crowd during the Le Mans 24-hour race leaving 82 people dead. All the great names of Fifties motor racing are here: Mike Hawthorn, Stirling Moss, Juan Fangio and Lance Macklin – the latter contributing a rather nice anecdote concerning a 'begging' telegram sent by him from Switzerland to his father. It simply read: 'No mon. No fun. Your son.' Macklin senior, not to be outdone, cabled back: 'Too bad. How sad. Your dad.'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I recently borrowed from our city library record section an LP of guitar music. Reading the blurb on the cover I was surprised to note that: 'Young performers of today have brought to pubic attention the attractively flexible qualities of Bach's music.' Depends on how you perform.
Peter Underhill, Birmingham

Hairs on a G-string, perhaps?

To my mind the worst effect of this year's drought has been the never-ending series of outdoor and swimming pool girl pictures. Roll on winter and the girls going back indoors again.
Please can we have more two-girl sets, like the gorgeous Maureen and Brenda (Vol 11 No 8). How about one every month?
And please give my love to Joanne who appeared in Vol 11 No 5. She has done more for me than any of the girls I've seen in your magazine to date and I wish she'd fall in love with me and smother me (mmmm!) as I too believe in steady relationships.
Keep up the excellent standard of your magazine – it's the only one of its type worth buying. I agree with the comments made in the letter from J G of Bristol (Vol 11 No 9) about the girls being in a class by themselves.
R C, Wheathampstead, Herts

Congratulations on your article on the old Gooney Bird (the Douglas Dakota's most famous nickname – the Gooney is an albatross, I believe) in Vol 11 No 9 and I do agree that the Dak was and still is a fabulous kite. However I have a few comments to make which I hope will help to put the record straight.
I'm appalled at that terrible drawing of David Lord's Dakota. It is all wrong: wrong colours, wrong markings; the wings look strange and the propellers are two-bladed not three.
I feel it a sad irony that, along with so many other pilots making drops that day, David Lord's sacrifice was in vain. For various reasons most of the supplies went to the enemy (Cornelius Ryan's *A Bridge Too Far* gives the full story.)
Then I would point out that 'Market Garden' was a much bigger affair than just the Arnhem drop. The Americans made two drops further south to secure other important bridges and they found it pretty rough too. Also the push by Monty's forces was very much part of the operation – the 'Garden' section to the 'Market' of the airborne landings.
Now to your alleged typical examples of tri-motors of the nineteen twenties. You picked one good representative in the Ford. However the Argosy you also mention, although of that period, was only of minor importance, as less than ten were built. If I were picking a typical twenties tri-motor I'd choose the Fokker VII/3M, which was the 'Dakota' of the twenties and early thirties. I believe that over 150 were built, mainly in Holland and the USA, but also in the UK, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Czechoslovakia. The 'Southern Cross' was an early example.
D Thompson, London N17

I much enjoyed your feature on the Dakota aircraft. One of the developments was the Douglas Gunship which, I believe, became one of the

turn to page 117

Things happen after a badedas bath

(they say it's got something to do with the horse chestnuts)

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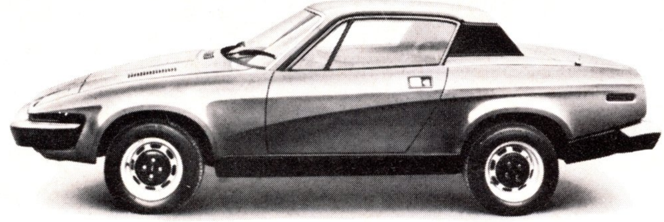


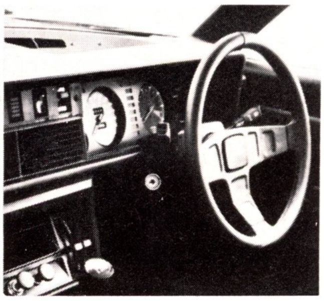
You know the kind of wistful longing you get when you look at a Maserati or a Lamborghini or a Ferrari?

You get the same kind of feeling when you look at the new TR7.

With one difference. You don't have to sell the house to buy it.

The new TR7 costs £3,146.*

It feels like a £10,000 car.



You know what it feels like when you drive a Maserati or a Lamborghini or a Ferrari?

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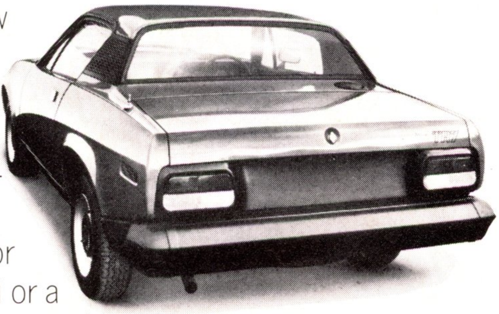

You know what it feels like when you pull into a petrol station – once again! – in a Maserati or a Lamborghini or a Ferrari to fill your tank and empty your wallet?

Well that's one feeling you don't get in the new TR7. With an average 30 mpg† and a twelve gallon tank, you can go a good 350 miles between petrol stops.

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†Source: Leyland Cars Engineering Division Test Figures.

*Price £3,146.13 includes front seat belts, car tax and VAT. Delivery and number plates extra. Price correct at time of going to press. Automatic transmission and five-speed gearbox available at extra cost.

LETTERS

continued from page 11

most heavily armed aircraft in the history of the world. This is the model that Airfix chose as one of their military kits – a sure sign that the aircraft has a place reserved among the immortals of the air.

John Bradshaw, Leeds

The Douglas Gunship, used by the Americans in Vietnam derived its massive fire-power from the Gatling-gun-type, rapid-fire, rotating-barrel Vulcan cannons – and that from an airplane which ceased production in 1945.

I thought other fellow readers of *Mayfair* might be interested in an experience I had lately while I was on leave in the UK. I was travelling from Paddington to Plymouth by a Sunday train and the lucky sole occupant of a first class compartment. I was just about to read your magazine when I heard a female voice ask if any of the seats were reserved. I looked up from my *Mayfair* with a blush and a lump in my throat and replied 'No' for standing in the doorway was a very sexy girl about 24 or 25 years of age with a very pretty face and a perfect figure to match it. I couldn't see her legs at the time as she was wearing a pair of faded jeans, but she had on one of those white, tight blouses with a white, skimpy bra visible beneath it. After chatting to her for a couple of minutes I found out she was going to stay with her sister in Plymouth for a week. We didn't speak again until we were nearing Reading and she mumbled something I couldn't understand. Then she got up and closed the blinds to the outside. I had finished looking at *Mayfair* a few minutes earlier and was starting to doze. As I closed my eyes I felt the girl brush against my legs and when I opened my eyes again she asked me if I had minded her closing the blinds. I said 'Not at all'. As a result no one tried our door at Reading and as we left the station I began to doze off again. Suddenly I felt a hand run lightly over the top of my thigh. I opened my eyes wide to see this beautiful girl smiling with a finger to her mouth, motioning me to keep quiet – as if I was going to shout 'Rape!' It was only then that I realised it was my lucky day, so I took full advantage of the situation. We kissed and fondled each other for a minute or so. Then she asked me to follow her and we went down the corridor to the toilet, slipped inside and carried on where we had left off. Both of us ended up half naked, her without her jeans and knickers and me without trousers or underpants. She told me to sit on the toilet seat and then proceeded to give me a superb blow job. What a woman! She certainly knew what she was doing and I nearly came three times, but, being the gentleman I am, I told her it was my turn to taste the goodness of life and with that we changed positions. I had hardly got to work on her before she was moaning and thrashing her legs about as much as the confined space allowed and she came with a short squeal of pleasure. We changed places again and she got astride me and with the speed and vibration of the train, plus our own movements, neither of us could last more than a few minutes. At that split second the train lurched and crossed tracks and that was it as far as I was concerned.

Afterwards we dressed and went back to our compartment. The girl then confessed to me that she only had done it because her husband was having an affair with his secretary and she had been getting her own back. So look out, you married guys – you're not the only ones who have a bit on the sly.

FJL, BFPO 16

Without a doubt *Mayfair* has the most varied collection of gorgeous women, invariably portrayed superbly by the finest standard of photography in the business. I recently saw for the first time a magazine specialising in 'crutch shots', and I can't think of anything more off-putting. To their credit most of the models appear vaguely embarrassed at exposing their pussies to the world at large. I know that *Mayfair* will never stoop to that level.

Sue Lin in Vol 11 No 9 raises a point (in fact, two rather fine points) which I would like to enlarge upon. Sue moved me more than words

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LETTERS

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can tell. Surely these were no sham poses – she was really turned-on and not ashamed of it. On page 15 her facial expression is at that delightful stage when a sensuous woman begins to succumb to her sexual need and her features begin to lose their composure; her eyes close, her mouth opens and, if you do not believe it, look again at her nipples! At the extreme right of page 17, 'extreme' is surely the operative word.

She is at that state where normally self-possessed and competent girls lose control and groan and gasp, 'More – don't stop – I can't wait – I'm coming. I can hear her. Sue, honey, I'd love it! To continue with her reference to rowing terms, I'd guarantee to put in a spurt at the finish which would swamp her.

If I might make a suggestion: your gorgeous girls are often featured in suggestive poses – and rightly so – and some of them get their facial expressions just right (eg most recently Puck and Bridget, Vol 11 No 7 and Charlotte, Vol 11 No 4 – and what superb boobs she bears) but what about their nipples? I have come to equate sexual excitement in the female with firm, engorged nipples and the fact that these girls do not sport such suggests to me that they are simply posing skillfully but are not really involved. Charlotte, particularly, in the centrespread has just emerged from a cold (?) swimming pool and is cupping her heavy breasts in her hands while her face suggests 'climax minus ten and counting.' But why are her nipples soft? I fear I'm making much of Charlotte, but it happens that her breasts are very like a pair I have known intimately for a long time, but which are, in appropriate circumstances, surmounted by thimble-sized dark firm nipples. I don't suppose I'm different from most males in finding any sign of sexual excitement in my sexual partner exciting. The more obvious of these are the things she says and the way she moves, which the camera cannot capture, so should the camera not concentrate on the aspects which it can capture, ie facial expression and erect nipples? More 'Oh, I'm coming' shots, please, complete with nipples which suggest that the girl means it.

B S, Fife

A letter from a lady reader in Vol 11 No 9 dealt with her affair with a younger man, she being 33 and he 22. This disparity in age, particularly where the man is so much younger, has an erotic appeal to most people. I am a housewife, formerly a nurse, who once had an affair with a boy very much younger than myself. He was 16 and I was 29 when we were actually intimate together, although we'd been sexually attracted since he was only 14. It began with him helping me carry the baby's pram up the steps of the flat where I lived with my husband and three children. At first I scarcely noticed him, but then I became more and more aware of him. The lifts in our block of flats didn't always work, and he began to help me get up to the third floor where I lived. My marriage was going through a bad time just then and I admit I was vulnerable. One afternoon, tired and weary, I pushed the pram into the entrance to the flats and found the lifts actually working. I stepped inside with my baby and was immediately joined by the boy. He had a happy, verging on cheeky, freckled face and I liked him, but as we were about to get out of the lift at the third floor, he pushed the button to make the lift go up again. As the doors closed, he touched me under my skirt and made an improper suggestion. When I slapped his face he looked rather surprised and puzzled. I told him in no uncertain terms to lay off and behave himself. He apologised profusely and though I was shaking, I felt sorry I'd hit him. His eyes looked hurt and welled up with tears. He looked a sad and lonely little boy. When we got out of the lift, he walked away with his shoulders hunched. There was no-one about so I called him back and gave him a quick hug and a peck on the cheek. We parted friends. The following year, my marriage broke up – there were faults on both sides but mostly on my husband's. He left the flat while I stayed on with the kids. More and more, I began thinking of

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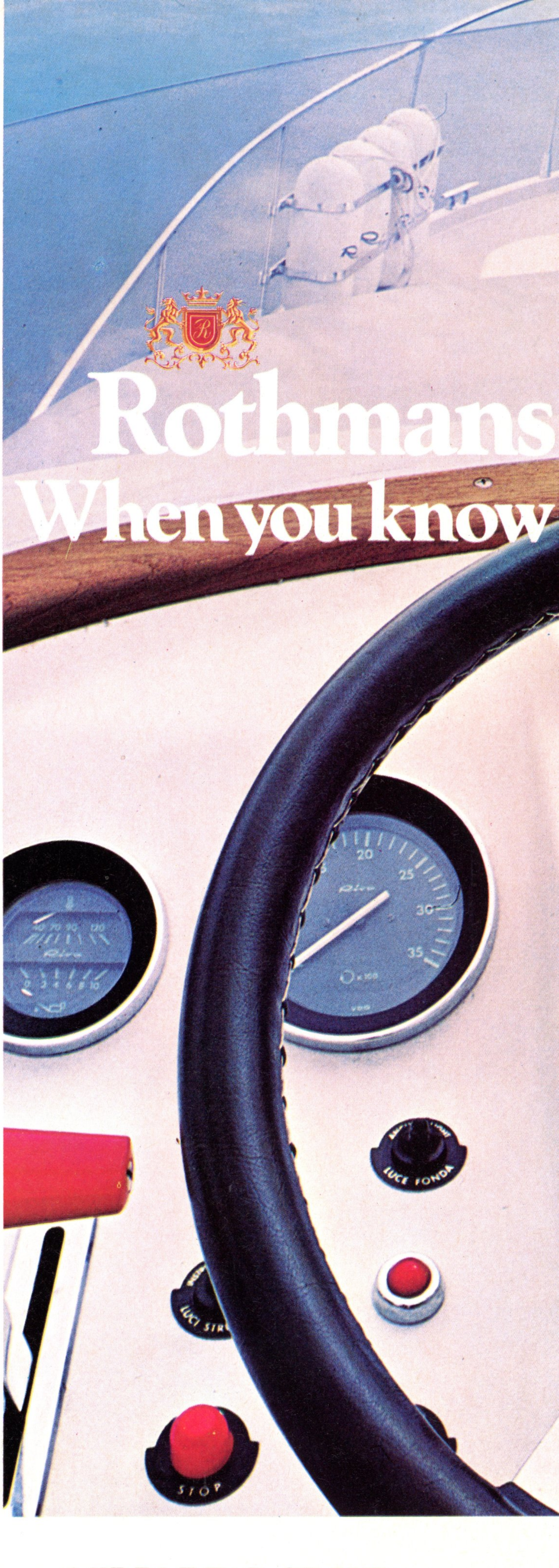

MIDDLE TAR GROUP As defined in H.M.

LETTERS

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the boy, whom I saw quite often. He was 15, almost 16 – I was 28 with three kids. I thought that he couldn't possibly fancy me, but got my answer that same week. He'd dropped by for a cup of tea and while I was standing at the sink, he came up behind me and cupped my breasts with his hands. He was hard and pressed himself up against my bottom. I told him to stop and go and sit down. Trembling from head to foot, I went into the bedroom, lowered my knickers and brought myself off. I cursed the law which forbade intercourse between an under-age boy and a love-hungry woman like me. More than anything I wanted him, but if I'd let him, he might have prattled to his pals. The risk wasn't worth it. It was another four months before we could have sex together, but when we did, his heat and eagerness were well worth waiting for. He did everything my husband had done and more. My nipples were the biggest I'd seen them after he'd finished with me each time. We did everything we liked when the older children were at school. Mutual masturbation, oral and so on. He liked to hold his erection between my breasts, between my thighs and against the cheeks of my bottom. Our affair ended the following year when he found a girl of his own age, but I still treasure the memory of it all.

H, Liverpool

The first time I wrote to any magazine was in Vol 9 No 4 of *Mayfair*, when I requested more 'candid' photography as with Madeline Drew in Vol 8 No 4 and Jennifer Forbush in Vol 9 No 2, plus more photo-features on women in uniform. In that very issue you met my request by publishing pictures of schoolgirl Nicky Colman, though only one picture showed her in her school clothes. Now I have just purchased Vol 11 No 8 and the pictures of WRAC Lieutenant Roberta Platt-Higgins are much more like it! I have tried to analyse this uniform business and whereas with most schoolgirl fanciers it's the 'Lolita' attraction with me it's definitely the appeal of the uniform itself. Almost any reasonably attractive female in a shirt and tie is worth an ogle! Of course schoolgirls are the most readily available – though they tend to be immature – followed by traffic wardens, ambulance women, WRENS, WRACS, WRAFS and some police women. Obviously uniforms tend to be 'butch' (making the attraction latent homosexuality? Certainly *not* something I can accept!) On the other hand the more feminine the wearer of the uniform the more attractive I find them.

I've seen many letters on this subject in *Mayfair* and it certainly is an excellent topic for a regular photo-feature – how about it?

J L, Liverpool

The coverline for the August edition, 'In and Out of Uniform: the nudest WRAC Lieutenant' certainly reached out and grabbed the reader. Like many males, I'm hooked on uniforms – schoolgirl, air hostess, nurse, services, etc – I even treasure photographs of a 'Salvation army lassie' disrobing by stages before the camera no doubt for her favourite charitable fund. Why do so many Englishmen find uniforms so attractive? It may be early days – the memory of a nannie in the nursery, starched apron and high-necked dress, performing so many intimate functions for the impressionable small boy. Then, for many more, schoolgirl uniforms are bound up with our earliest sexual experiments and experiences. The gym-slip, the white blouse, the lisle stockings, the navy serge knickers. Leslie Thomas's book *His Lordship*, in which he describes his experiments with schoolgirls and them with him, is typical. Similarly, in the *Hand-Reared Boy*, Brian Aldiss describes his first orgasm in the arms of a uniformed housemaid, emphasizing her rough black stockings and baggy knickers. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides provide another field, if one might put it that way, for interesting uniform exploration. Then, in the last war, the British had by far the

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LETTERS

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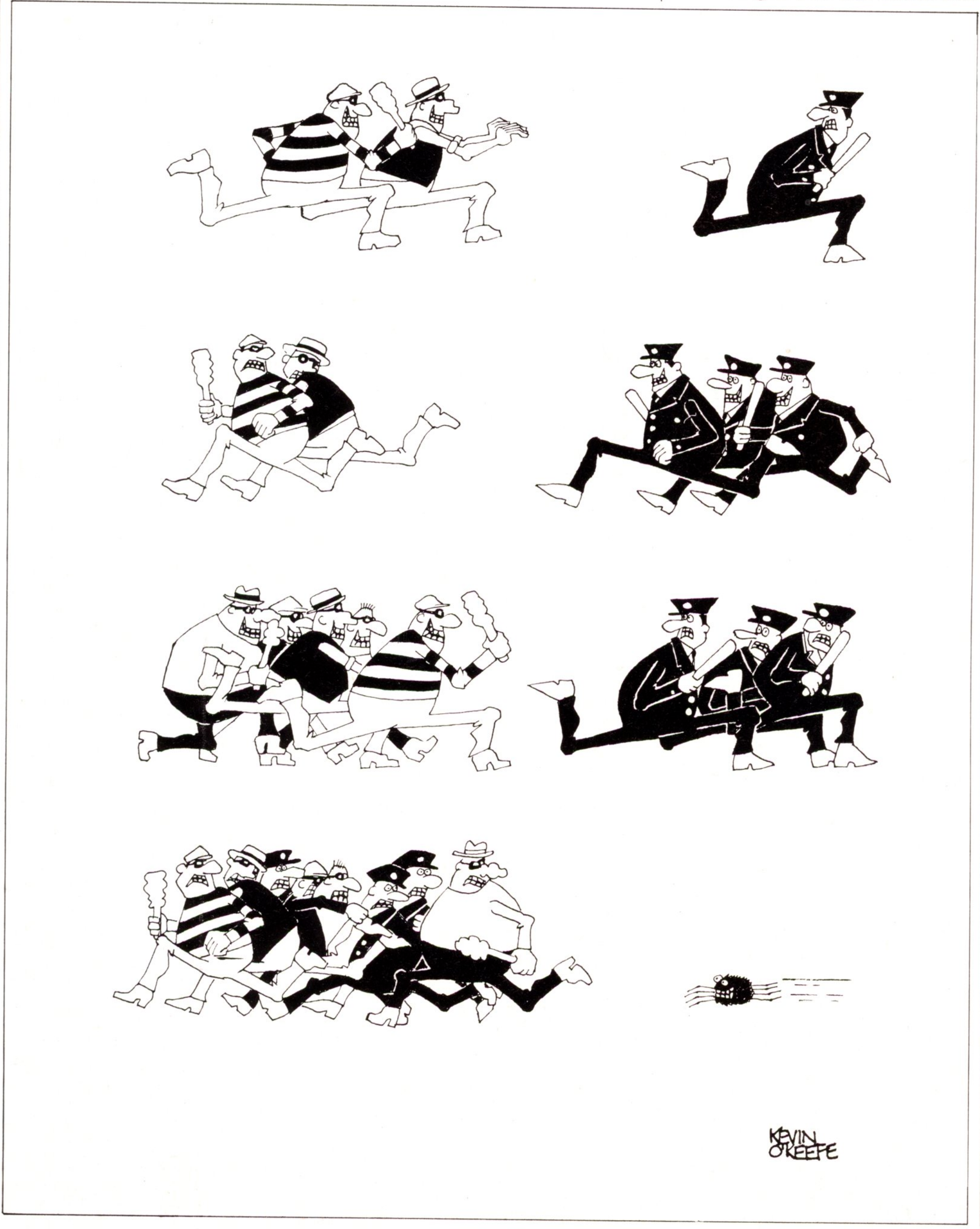
largest proportion of women in the Services, and many men whose sexual experiences had been widened will have happy memories of some WRAF/ ATS or WREN in whose embrace happy hours were snatched. These uniformed girls, with their belts, buttons and coarse stockings, seemed more attractive than their counterparts today, whose uniforms have been feminised. You see, the real appeal of a uniform is the contrast between the soft, curvaceous femininity of the girl and the hard masculine cut, of the uniform. It is this contrast that gave special piquancy to amorous explorations and achievements conducted round the back of the hangars or behind the NAAFI. Bobby is nice, and the first pictures on page 28 and 29 are very arousing. But instead of the photographer taking her into another apartment, how nice it would have been to have seen her in the barrack-room – an austere background against which Bobby could have displayed her charms while retaining items of her uniform or perhaps she could have been persuaded to don a pair of those fascinating old 'passion-killers' in khaki.
(*Name and address witheld*)

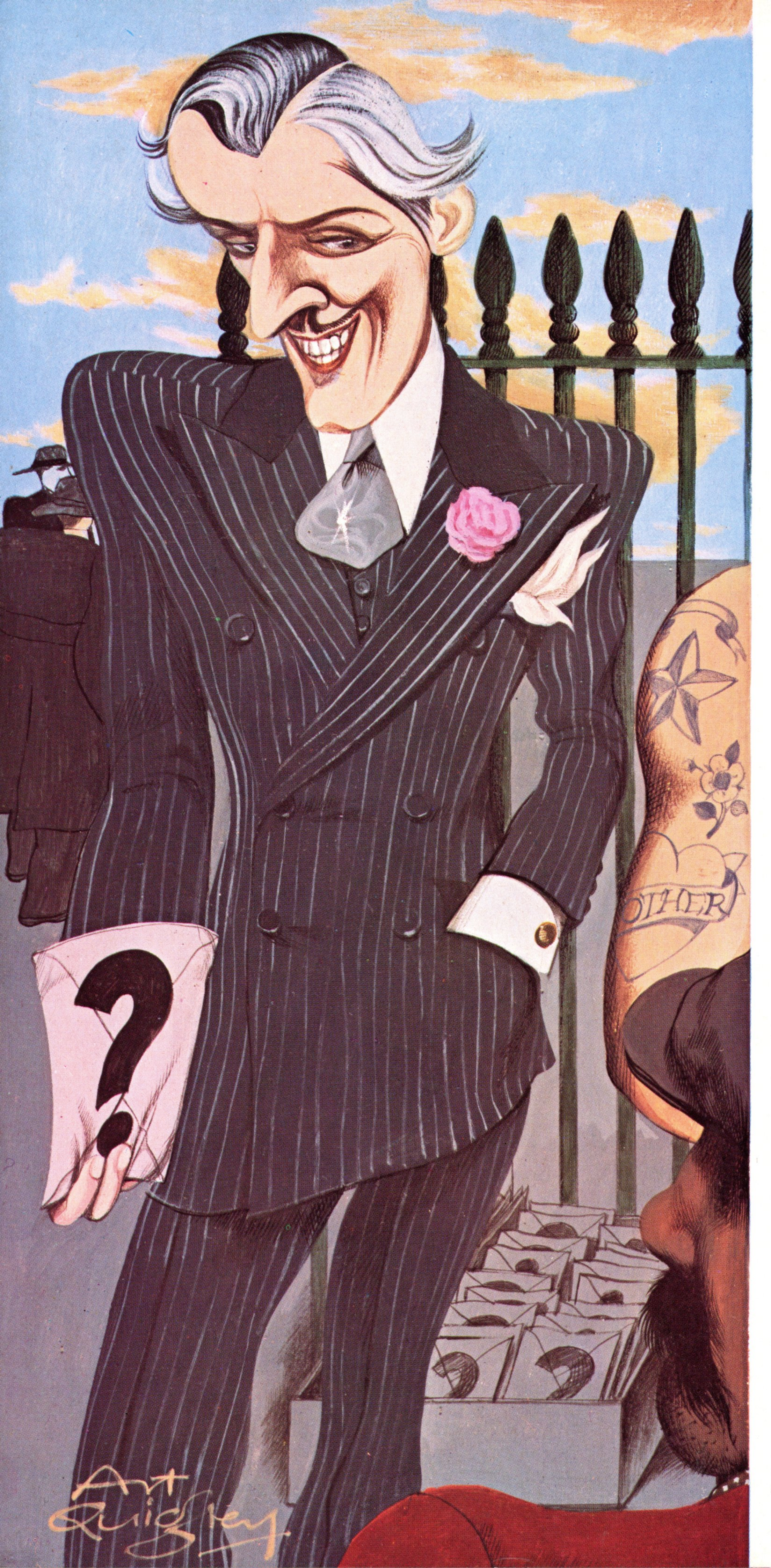
Many readers, noting with apprehension the West Indies' score in the recent Test series, will be hoping for further splendours from David Steele, subject of your recent article. But not, we hope a further mistimed hook down the throat of deep square leg.
Unfortunately my immense pleasure, at seeing this article in *Mayfair*, has been destroyed for me by the increasingly frequent blasphemous use of one or, sometimes, both of the names of Jesus Christ in your magazine.
This adds nothing to the context of any article in which it appears, and to Christian readers like myself to whom this is the Saviour's name, it is deeply offensive. Please desist!
Ernest H Wise, Hull

Where are all the *big* girls these days? Every issue there seems to be a letter asking for girls with big tits, but how often do we get them? What we want is a pretty, small-waisted girl who has enormous breasts, but not a great Wagnerian contralto type with shoulders and thighs like a Russian discus-thrower. The whole subject of size and proportion has often been discussed in your pages and there seems nothing new to add, but sometimes a girl of apparently modest proportions can look enormous if her back is thin and long and her waist small. Who cares about vital statistics when a well-placed 35-inch bust can look larger than a 42-inch one? Also the shape matters. Some enormous breasts look completely unattractive when photographed; fat and fleshy, with little pink nipples like peas. What we want is hard, plump, swelling breasts, like those of Marilyn Looms in Vol. 9 No. 12 for example, with large nipples, erect and proud. I saw a woman the other day, walking with her bald, plain husband and screaming child, whose nipples were plainly visible through both bra and sweater. Her breasts were only just supported by the bra and they bounced a little as she walked; in profile, her small waist showed them off perfectly – I would guess they measured no less than 40 inches. But her nipples were most unusual. They were very dark, almost black, about the size of a tenpenny piece, and projected, I would say, a full inch through her clothes. I imagine they got bigger when excited, but they may already have been erect, as I saw her enjoying my attention as she walked past me a second and a third time! She must have been well-aware of the effect she was having and I found the idea very exciting. What a pity I couldn't photograph her for *Mayfair*, your circulation would have doubled, I feel sure. How about some girls like her in forthcoming issues? I am certain you do not pay enough attention to the shape and size of your models' nipples; there are far too many crutch-shots these days.
(*Name and address withheld*)

Always a pleasure to hear from an unabashed leg man.



Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



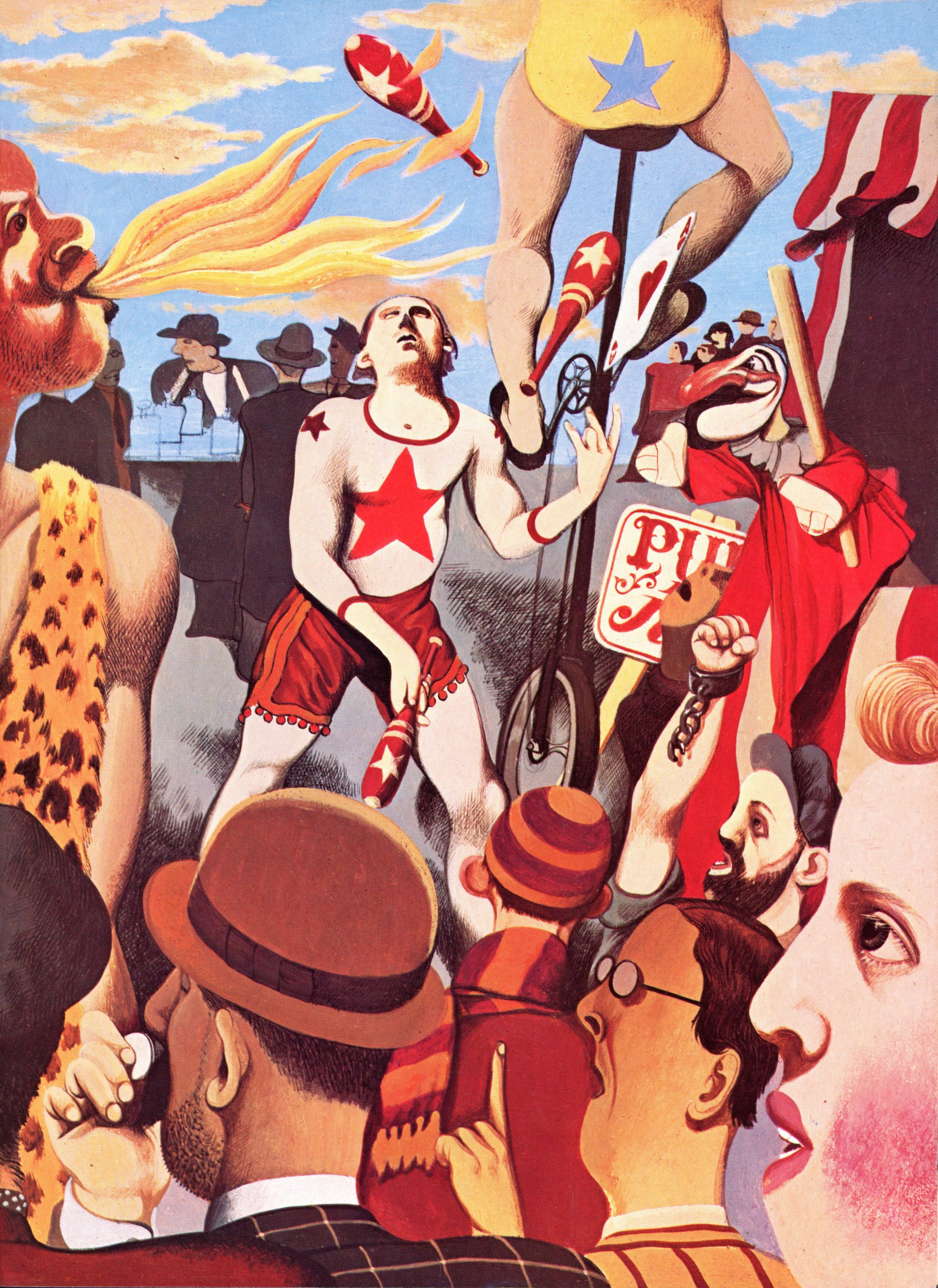
The Bull Ring in pre-war Brum: a hive of crooks, cranks, card-sharps and con-men and the greatest of these was called Gus

Working the Windbag

Nostalgia by
Peter Sykes

The days of high-class free entertainment are long gone from England's provincial cities, for the old, cobbled market places where soapbox orators, quacks, tipsters and travelling showmen used to occupy their pitches have been bulldozed away to make room for subways, flyovers, pedestrian precincts and other fancy-sounding names for soulless concrete. Sure enough, London still has its buskers, Hyde Park Corner and Tower Hill, but my heart's in the Midlands where I was born and raised – mainly around Birmingham, the Black Country and the Potteries – though there's precious little of the old atmosphere left in the Birmingham of today, where everything has been sacrificed to the motor car.

I used to be a lover of Birmingham's Bull Ring Market, along with its collection of ripe characters, unsurpassed anywhere in my experience for wit, guile, gall and sheer entertainment value. And there was the atmosphere of the place: a complex amalgam of orange peel, onions, fish and chips, candy, mint rock, sea-food, roaring naphtha flares on dull days, craft, piety and booze that was beyond analysis, and unique. The old Market Hall, burned down during an incendiary raid early in World War Two, contributed much to the scene. It was a high, airy structure, cool on the hottest day, arcade-like with much Victorian over-elaboration in the ironwork and plaster; a place of smells and sounds, cockle stalls and chrysanthemums, fresh-picked tomatoes and damp sawdust; and it had acoustic properties all of its own. The frenzied yelping of puppies in the pet stores, the shrill cries of children and the steady, monotonous drone of conversation and commerce blended, and were given a singular ambience by the echoing effect of the vaulted roof. These basic sounds were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punctuated by odd whirrings, clatterings and ringings from one of those massive and strangely disturbing clocks, from which, on each hour, there emerged a parade of grotesque, impassive-faced figures in relentless, never-changing order, to strike with gaudily painted mallets in the direction of assorted gongs and bells. But the jerkily hesitant hammers never found their supposed targets, and the sounds were made by more certain, mechanical devices hidden from view.

The Market Hall clock was a tawdry, meretricious thing, and curiously unwholesome in a way. As an infant I had been at once fascinated and terrified by it. But as I stood amidst the smouldering ruins on the morning after the air-raid, I experienced a sense of loss which was quite ludicrous in the context of the wholesale devastation around me: that clock had been part of my childhood, and memories of many happy times were associated with it. A long flight of stone steps with central dividing banisters and rail, precipitously inviting, its brass bright-burnished by the sliding trousers of tens of thousands of Brummie juveniles, led down from the Market Hall to the Bull Ring itself: a roughly triangular, cobble-stoned area whose main features were St Martin's Church (still standing anachronistically amid the concrete) and a set of lavatories surrounded by heavily ornate cast-iron railings, painted dark green. Not a particularly promising setting for high entertainment, you might think, but what theatre or stadium offers much in the absence of its players? Let me introduce some characters.

Every conceivable variety of crank, crook, card-sharper, con-man, tipster, orator and religious zealot had his pitch in the Bull Ring at one time or another. There were also strong-men, wire-walkers, sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, escapologists and freaks; but doyen of the lot, uncrowned King of Brummagem Bull Ring, was Gus, whose speciality was known amongst the cognoscenti as 'working the windbag': and surely no-one has ever worked it to better effect than Gus, a true artist and perfectionist. Of distinguished, albeit slightly rakish appearance, with greying hair, impeccably dressed, a red carnation in his buttonhole, Gus had tremendous style. His general manner, neatly trimmed moustache and clipped mode of carefully modulated speech put one in mind of the mature Ronald Colman wowing Greer Garson in *Random Harvest*. Other pitch holders had, on occasion, been known to address him as 'Sir.' There could be no higher accolade!

Promptly, each day at noon, Gus would appear from the depths of Woolworth's cafeteria, carrying a large suitcase and a folding metal stand, make for his pitch and erect the stand with all the panache of a maestro about to conduct Beethoven's Ninth. His pitch lay midway between those of Ernie, the 'Social Worker' and an anonymous human derelict whose ruin was meths. Ernie's corncrake voice, roundly condemning almost everything in creation, but particularly 'the Establishment' and the Pope, and advocating what sounded like total anarchy, could be heard half a mile away if the wind was in the right direction. Legend had it that Ernie once had visions of standing for Parliament on a platform of 'Unlimited Free Beer for the Working Classes,' but not unexpectedly his campaign fell foul of the local Temperance Society, whose kill-joy members aborted his plans. Ernie had never forgiven them, and the Temperance Society and all it stood for received more than a fair share of leather-lunged vituperation whenever he spoke. On the other side of Gus, mercifully close to the entrance to the toilets, stood a cadaverous, ragged-arsed individual of indeterminate age, who optimistically endeavoured to flog to less scientifically aware members of the public a 'Unique Wireless Aerial System' (looking for all the world like a cocoa tin with two wires sprouting from the lid) guaranteed to bring in Timbuktu and other far-off stations clear as a bell on any radio receiver, no matter how clapped-out, that could still pick up and render an intelligible version of the signal from Daventry National. This, remember, was long before the days of the 'tranny.' Wireless sets tended to weigh half a hundredweight, and anyone wanting reception from foreign parts had to erect a tall pole in his back yard, or have miles of wire (wireless?) festooned around the roof-space or attic.

Ignoring the surrounding rabble as though

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A CLEAN WINNER FOR 1977

MAYFAIR'S NEW COLOUR CALENDAR

Veronica Wrathall, (right), is just one of the twelve good reasons for getting hold of a copy of *Mayfair's* great new all-colour calendar. Each month brings a new delight and at only £1·35 each fully inclusive of all postage and packaging costs, *Mayfair's* calendars make ideal, inexpensive presents for friends and business contacts. So spread a little happiness by getting in your order right now; or pick up a calendar direct from your local newsagent and get your 1977 off to a sexy start.

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Working the Windbag

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it didn't exist, Gus would quietly go about the business of preparing for his forthcoming tour-de-force, while twenty yards away 'The Great Volcano – Fire Eater Extraordinary,' eyebrowless and his scalp a mixture of blisters and charred stubble, would be creating large sheets of flame by setting light to a spray of atomised paraffin, squirted out between clenched teeth and pursed lips. Due to the nature of his calling, 'The Great Volcano' was far more subject to the elements, particularly the vagaries of the wind, than any of the other Bull Ring showmen. His pitch gave reasonable shelter from the prevailing South-Westerlies, but life during the unpredictable gales of March and October could be a hazardous business indeed. With self-preservation much in mind, 'The Great Volcano' used at one time to erect a series of portable canvas screens around his pitch in an attempt to reduce the ill effects of the wind, but one October, a sudden, sharp gust from the North-East toppled a screen into one of his roaring sheets of flame, and the resulting holocaust touched off an adjacent candy stall, which blazed a treat. Connoisseurs of Bull Ring incident voted the conflagration, coupled with the attempts to put it out (which included pissing on it) before the arrival of the Fire Brigade, the finest entertainment they'd enjoyed since the previous Christmas, when in an excess of Yuletide zeal and booze, two rival gangs of kerbside Santas had set about each other to such effect that the punch-up ended with the losers, dewhiskered, decowled and defrocked, being booted down the steps of the gents' bog, where they were showered a few seconds later with their dud crackers and the trashy contents of their sacks, gift hampers and bran tubs.

The enthusiasm over 'The Great Volcano's' spectacular immolation was not shared by the local fuzz, nor by the proprietor of the incinerated candy stall. His appearance before the beak resulted in a stiff fine and the savage pronouncement: 'No screens; otherwise no performance'. Subsequently, it was only during especially long spells of tranquil weather that his head was recognizable as human; at other times it resembled a baked potato.

Across the way, close to Woolworths, the strong-man would be holding forth in praise of his act, describing in detail and at exhaustive length the nigh-impossible feats he was about to perform, including the swallowing of a full-size gent's pocket watch on the end of a four-foot length of chain. An unenthusiastic gathering of spectators was assured that anyone placing his ear against the strong-man's belly (a feat of courage in itself, having regard to his grimy, sweat-stained appearance) would actually be able to hear the watch ticking away inside his body.

Of course, all these lads were great talkers, they *had* to be. From bitter experience they knew the quickest way to disperse a crowd was to pass the hat round after a show; so the obvious thing was to get the money first. This they would do by describing in glowing terms the miracles they were prepared to unfold immediately a sufficient number of coppers, tanners and bobs had been contributed to make the effort worth while. The minimum a showman would begin work for varied according to weather conditions, the size of the crowd, and the mood, status, or degree of intoxication of the performer; but no self-respecting entertainer would start his act for less than a quid, and that was real money in an era when the working man's wage was around £5 for a 48-hour week. This often meant a great deal of talking and a long wait for those who had tossed the first contributions into the hat; indeed, cynics maintained that the 'spiel' constituted far harder graft than the eventual performance, which seldom occupied more than a few minutes and was frequently anticlimactic.

Next to the strong-man's pitch, the escapologist's act was already under way. In leather strait-jacket, yards of heavy chain, padlocked all over, his head in a sack, and looking like a bondage fetishist's dream of delight, he thrashed about on the slimy cobble-stones to the accompaniment of barking dogs and screaming women. But Gus was above all such sordidness and squalor; his act possessed a dignity not even equalled by that of the quack physician, who, for the 'price of a packet of

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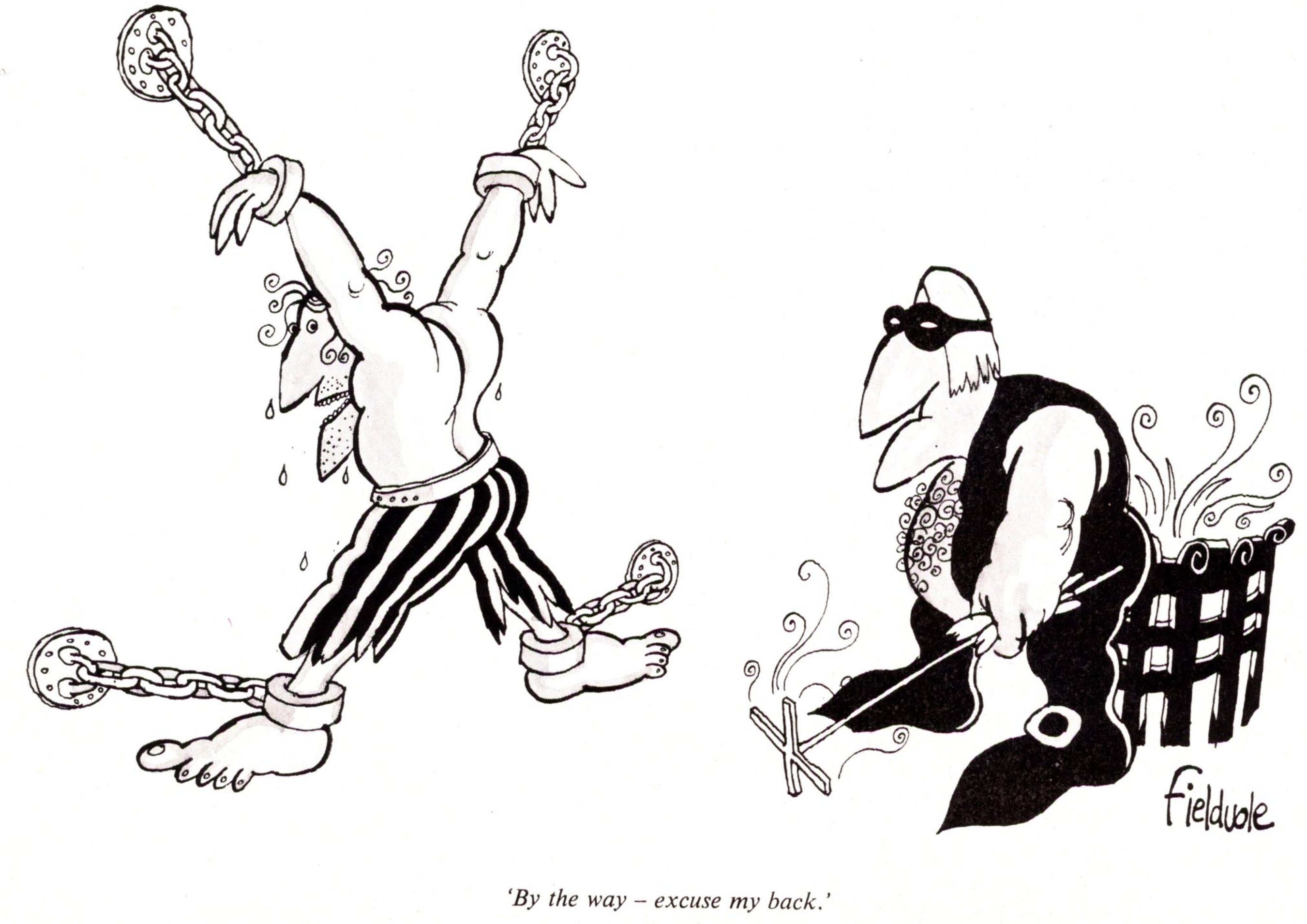

'By the way – excuse my back.'

Letter to Cathy

continued from page 50

those dozens of onlookers will bear testimony if necessary, that you tripped over the footpath trying to get away, as soon as you saw him coming. And it wasn't prison he was in, it was Borstal. Do you want me to tell that to the papers too, my dear brave Harry? You knocked yourself out trying to run away from a fifteen-year-old kleptomaniac with acne?

I dispute that you are the victim of Fate's practical joke. You *are* Fate's practical joke! On *me!!* I can see you now scribbling this letter hunched over a stained tablecloth, with a can of baked beans and a bent tin opener, two weeks' dirty laundry piled up in the corner, needing someone to cook your dinner for you with every fibre of your being, and making it sound like *you* forgive *me!* Oh you're too good Harry. Well suffer, baby, suffer!

I bet you had your dictionary open the whole time too. It must have taken you weeks to write. Well I've got news for you. 'Affectations' is *wrong!* The word you were looking for is affections. Which is also wrong! How about that, smarty pants?

But I must admit, your ingenuity amazes me. How anyone could dream up such a bizarre story I'll never know. Of course Harry, there are certain flaws. For instance, if it was you I heard screaming, as you got all those volts shooting up your arm, who were you yelling 'Get off, you lecher!' to? The plug? The adaptor? The electric particles?

And if you'd just been nailing up my cupboards, as you say, why were you wearing your best suit and a cravat?

Of course maybe I am, after all, being too hasty. Perhaps the electric shock you received was so severe, it blasted your braces off, which would explain why your trousers were round your ankles. And maybe you brought down that bottle of our best red wine to oil Mrs Wilkins' rollers. But it's the first time I've seen some one giving a corpse the kiss of life *from underneath!*

If you're waiting for my 'flames of wrath to abate' – *beautiful*, Harry, you should have been a poet – then you're going to have to wait a bloody long time. I know you, and I know Mrs Wilkins, and her 'appearance of nakedness' was not just an appearance, kiddo. She also happens to be highly regarded as a person and a friend by the local artillery regiment, as you and I both know.

It is kind of you to be so magnanimous, look that up in your dictionary, but I don't think your scruples will bear the weight of anything any more. I'm prepared to concede that yours was a sin of intent only, and could not have gone much further before your hernia – shall I let the reporters have that little gem too? – called a halt to the proceedings. However, truth be told, I've had enough.

If I could forget, which I won't, or forgive, which I never will, there would still be a barrier between us. I'm not coming back till you get rid of that train set.

The aggrieved party,

Cathy.

Working the Windbag

continued from page 35

twenty,' offered to cure any known ailment from the common cold to cancer. But I mustn't underrate the quack's performance: he had the gift (if so it can be styled), also possessed by the modern ad-man, of making even the healthiest individual feel a vitamin deficiency. Ten minutes spent listening to his full discourse (based on nothing more than rudimentary facts gleaned from an incomplete set of 'Home Doctor' fag cards) and you were convinced that death was staring you in the face. His doom-laden prognostications were powerfully reinforced by the regulation quack uniform of white laboratory coat and heavy horn-rimmed glasses. These simple props created an illusion of scientific know-how which was curiously little diminished by down-at-heel shoes, grimy finger-nails and a villainous countenance.

Gus went about his business with an air of superb detachment; even Ernie's purple-faced, thunderous reprobation of the Pope, Royalty and the licensing laws left him unmoved. He set his suitcase upon the stand and opened it with a flourish. Such was his mien that had a pterodactyl flown out one would not have been overly surprised, but the contents appeared prosaic in the extreme: about two hundred rectangular, white, paper packages; each measuring around 3 inches by 2½ inches by 1 inch and completely indistinguishable from one another. These were the 'windbags'; so called because they contained nothing but air.

With a series of grandiose gestures, each carefully calculated, Gus captured attention and gathered around himself a highly curious entourage. In the main, his exaggerated actions consisted of whisking a number of five pound notes (the large, old-fashioned, white ones) from a well-stuffed wallet, brandishing them aloft and announcing in his best Ronald Colman style: 'Fivers on sale here today; just a tusheroon each.' (A 'tusheroon' was two shillings and sixpence, or 'half a dollar' in pre-decimalisation currency.) Such a startling offer was bound to command attention if not credulity, so it was small wonder that the somewhat disgusting talents of the watch swallower and escapologist should rapidly be deserted in favour of, if not exactly something for nothing, at least the implication of pretty staggering gain.

DO NOT
DISTURB

Gus had it all timed to perfection: Ernie, having finally roared himself hoarse in a paroxysm of rage directed against the Archbishop of Canterbury, the 'fox-hunting clique' and his arch-enemy, the Temperance Society, retired to refurbish his vocal cords in the nearby boozer, while the ragged-arsed electronics wizard, having succeeded in selling a wired cocoa tin to some passer-by, had immediately blown the proceeds on a bottle of meths and descended into the bogs for a period of merciful oblivion. On reflection, the sale of a cocoa tin occurred so regularly each day shortly after noon that it seems likely Gus financed the deal himself, for with the disappearance of both Ernie and the poor man's Marconi, Gus had the unrestricted use of three pitches, and could gather a really large crowd, which was essential for his particular line of business. With all eyes upon him, Gus produced five watches from his pocket, wrapped each one in a five pound note with majestic deliberation, then ostentatiously made up another five rectangular packages just like the 'windbags' in his case, except that each of the new ones contained a fiver and a watch. He began his spiel.

'Right, gentlemen, I'm about to give you, the sporting citizens of Brummagem, the chance to make some fast money. In this case are one hundred and ninety-five packets, each containing sweet FA, but now I add five more, each containing a fine watch wrapped up in a fiver.' He matched actions to his words and stirrred the packets around, although doubtlessly keeping a sharp eye on the position of the loaded ones; anyway, the weight would tell him as soon as he touched one. He continued.

'I am now about to offer each and every one of these packets for sale at half a dollar a time. Consider the odds, gentlemen; they are very much in your favour. True, only five of the two hundred packets contain anything but a fragrant puff of wind – that's 40 to 1 against the purchaser at the start – but five lucky punters are on to getting a fiver for half a dollar – that's 40 to 1 in the opposite direction; and don't forget the bonus of fine, precision time-pieces thrown in. Now, my friends, if you find the mathematical odds not to your liking, please consider the other odds which are wholly in your favour: *by law*, gentlemen, I am obliged to offer each and every one of these packages for sale. If I did not do so, my business would be looked upon as fraudulent – and rightly so. Yes, my friends, I have to offer each and every one; *but you are not obliged to buy. You* can be selective. Go for the ones you think are loaded and reject those you think are empty. All packets I fail to sell will be placed here in the lid of my case to avoid confusion. Think, gentlemen: as soon as I handle a packet, the weight informs me what it contains. Study my face; look closely into my eyes; watch for the trembling of my hand; try to read my

turn to page 98

Working the Windbag

continued from page 56

mind. Let each prospective client pit his wits against mine; and may the better man win every time. Poker has nothing on this game, my friends. Right, who's going to be the first lucky punter?'

Quite irrationally, business would always begin briskly, with anything up to a dozen packets – all empty, of course! – being sold without hesitation. Then, as a rule, some customer resistance would develop in spite of the fact that the odds on buying a loaded packet had improved because there now remained a smaller number of empty ones. Several packets would follow one another unspoken for into the lid of Gus's case. Now was the time for subtlety. Gus was a great actor. In reality he had a true 'poker face,' but had developed the art of suggesting in scores of different ways that he had picked up a loaded packet when he had not. There was the flicker of an eyelid, a slight cough, a tapping of the foot, a smoothing of the moustache, a hesitation in the voice; all carefully calculated to exchange yet another 'windbag' for two shillings and sixpence. He also gave a strong impression of trying to sell his wares with varying degrees of determination. For a while, the stratagem of seeming to try to get certain packets transferred to the lid of his case, after offering them for the bare minimum of time, would result in a fresh spurt of business, and another dozen 'windbags' would exchange hands; but eventually the crowd would cotton on to this dodge, and trade would flag again. It was now time for the mine to be salted – and the crowd completely baffled as well.

Unexpectedly, Gus would pull out all the stops in an effort to flog some particular packet, and the harder he tried, the crowd, quite reasonably, showed the greater disinclination to fall for his persuasiveness. Imagine the utter consternation, when, after several minutes of holding the same packet aloft, and repeating earnestly: 'Only half a dollar for five quid and a precision time-piece', Gus finally succeeded in selling it, and the jubilant client (one of Gus's stooges) broke open the paper with trembling fingers, then waved his treasures around for all to see, blessing his benefactor as a 'saint' and a 'man of honour'. Again, completely without rationality (but are not crowds ever thus?) after this spectacular incident, trade boomed and a whole stream of 'windbags' were sold in rapid succession to disillusioned customers. And so it continued, with many variations, until, just as he had promised, Gus had offered the entire two hundred packages, individually, for sale.

Generally, he would have sold around a hundred 'windbags' and two loaded ones, both the latter to accomplices. Very occasionally, a genuine member of the public struck it lucky, but this didn't happen often, for Gus was almost impossible to outwit. He could read the mood of the crowd like a book: he could control it, too. For him, it was the easiest thing in the world to recognise the precise moments for picking up the few loaded packets and getting them safely transferred, unspoken for, into the lid of his case. And now the time had come for the final act of impudence; the supreme gall which raised Gus far above all his imitators.

Pointing out that the unsold packets still contained three loaded ones, and stressing the greatly improved odds, Gus would brazenly offer them for sale a second time, placing the twice rejected ones back in the main body of his case – *most* of the twice rejected ones, that is, *but not all.* Three he would slowly and solemnly break open and display the rich contents to his stunned audience. The look of sorrow and pity on his face as he did so was exquisite to behold.

By two o'clock, when Ernie reappeared out of the boozer, stoned and truculent, ready for a renewed and almost incoherent verbal onslaught against a disinterested Establishment, Gus would be finished for the day, and at least fifteen pounds better off for his exertions – big money in the 1930's. He was probably pulling in a lot more per week than the average act on the Music Hall and Variety Theatre circuit. I haven't seen anyone 'working the windbag' for many years. Maybe it does still go on in one form or another, but I'm sure there's no one who can do it like Gus. As practised by him, it was high art; it was also great, *free* entertainment.

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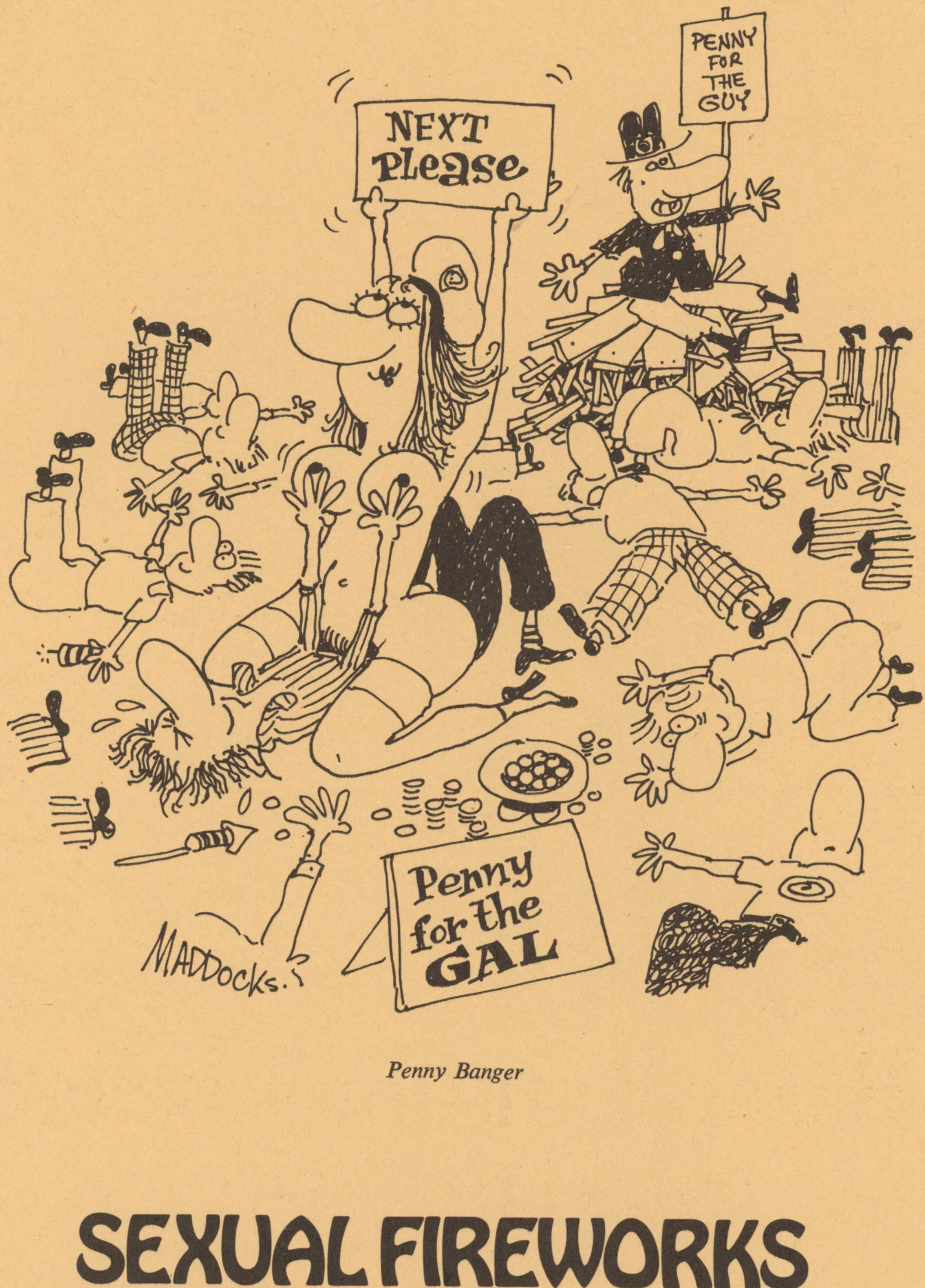
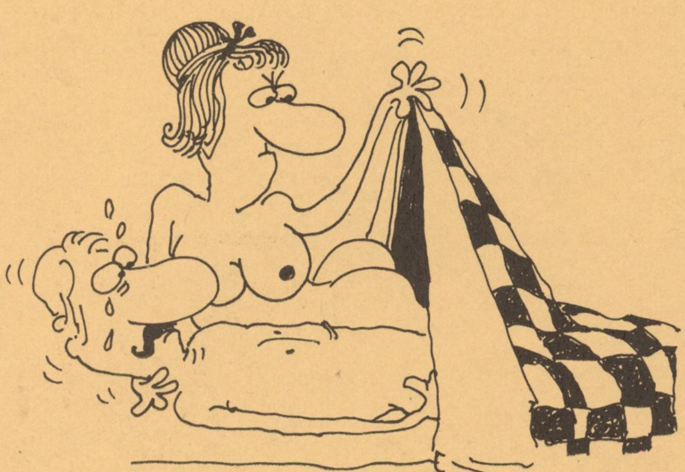

PENNY FOR THE GUY
NEXT Please
Penny for the GAL
MADDOCKS

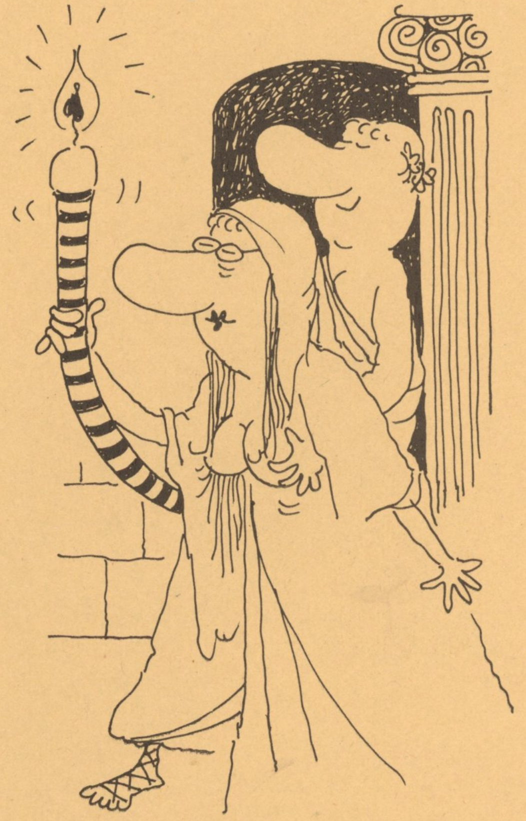
Penny Banger

SEXUAL FIREWORKS

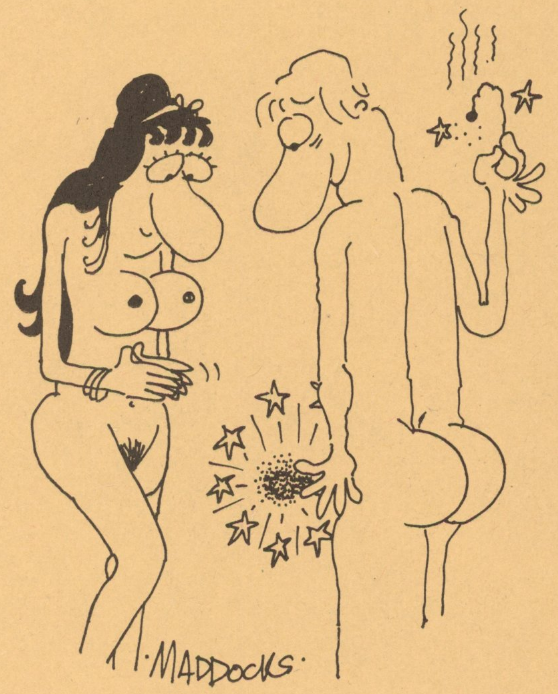
Those exotic-sounding fireworks
suggest displays of a different kind
to cartoonist Peter Maddocks



Damp Squib



Roman Candle



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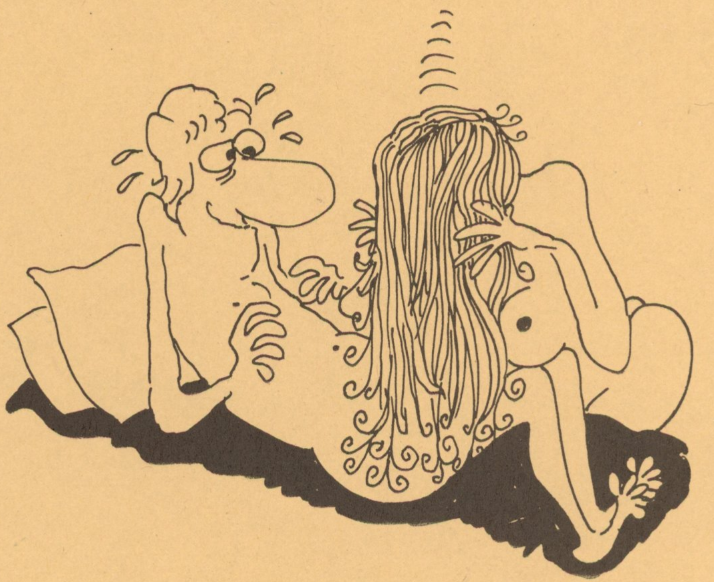

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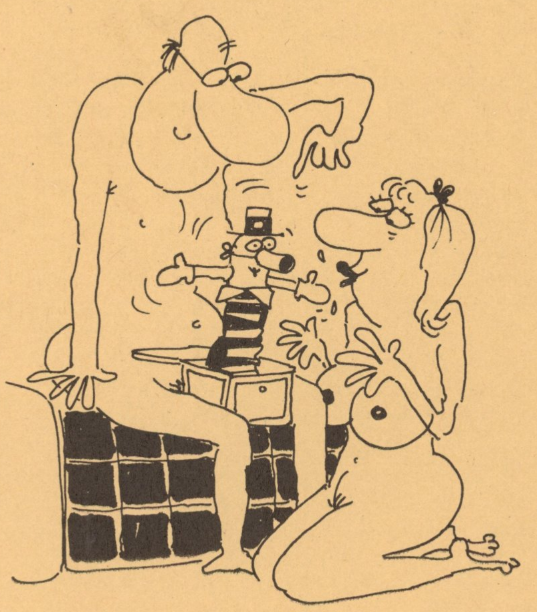
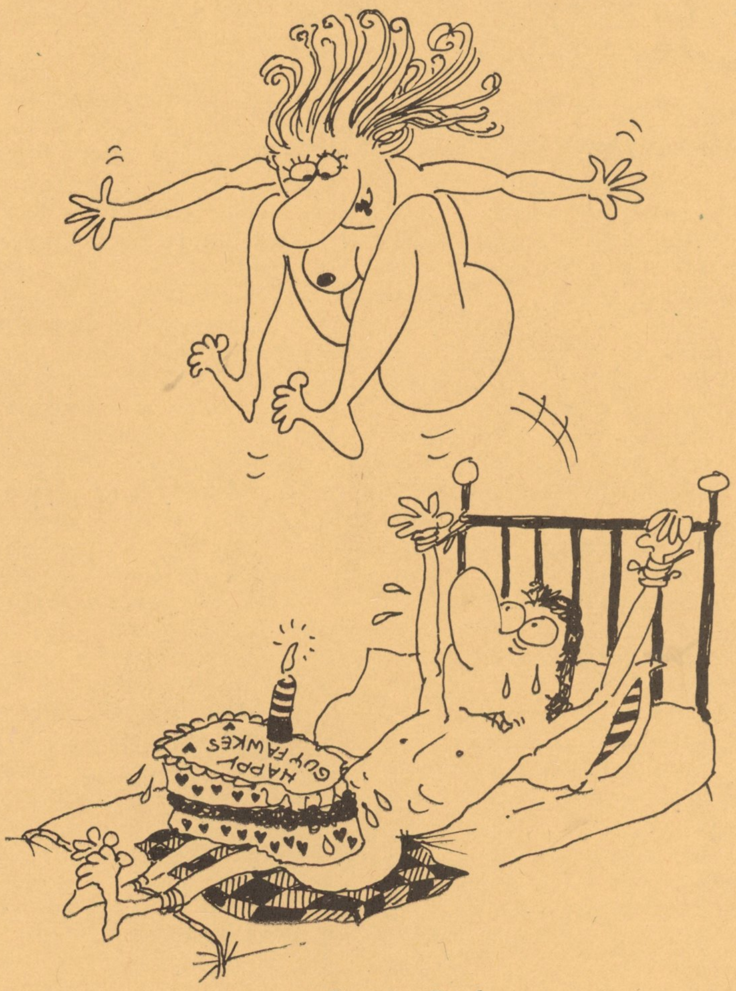
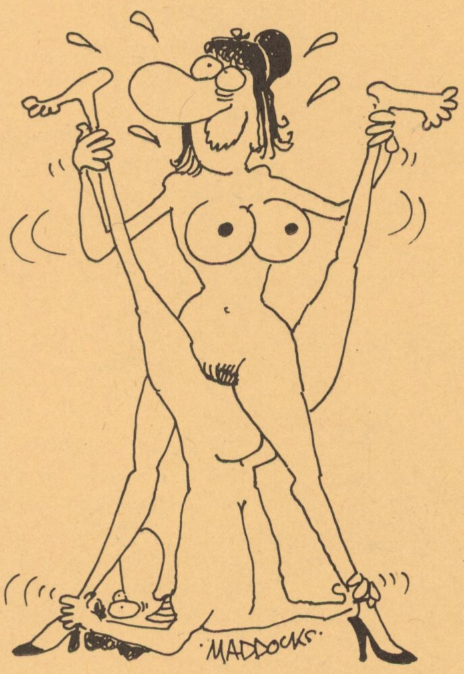


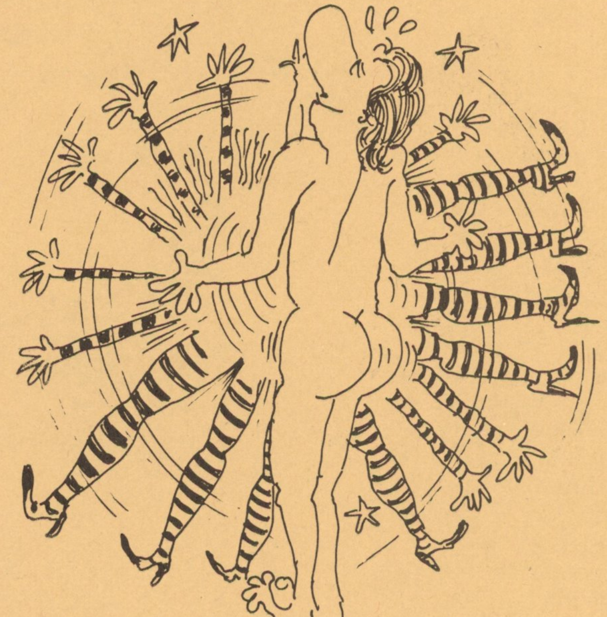
Jack-in-the-box


HAPPY GUY FAWKES

Jumping Cracker



Mount Vesuvius



Catherine Wheel

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Britain's secret weapon against defeat, disaster, depression, doom, despair, dismay and even, I dare say, drought, is alive, well and moving very prettily. It is, in fact, the British male's oldest friend: our womenfolk.

Poet George Macbeth has found it, too. He records his discoveries in his new erotic thriller **The Samurai** (Quartet, £3.95): a tale in which British quims conquer oriental cunning, our gallant girl's juices confound far eastern guile, and the nation breathes easy once again – thanks to the pluck of a true Brit's twat.

Our heroine is a secret agent code-named, if not nicknamed Cadbury – for reasons that are only hinted at: it may be something to do with melting in her mouth. She receives her assignment details, most aptly, on a sheet of typescript that's slipped into the centre of *Mayfair*.

She got her job after an audition on a trolley, wearing only a G-string and a pair of black stockings under a starched nurse's uniform. The stud she performed with wore only a dab of Brut.

Agent 69, as she is known in the trade (007 meant licensed to kill, but she is licensed to screw) believes she should keep her body as well oiled, so to speak, as a high-powered rifle. Her sexual machinery, the deadliest weapon yet invented, must always be quick on the draw.

And as the plot unfolds, it soon becomes obvious that Cadbury's practised talent, her ability to moisten her lips at a moment's notice, can win the war – and save her life.

Her target is a Japanese Samurai gang, plotting to take over the world. She entices her opposite number with a spot of nude-sunbathing – then they meet, in a sea pool in Gibraltar. She watches him dive in, then turn and swim towards her, before diving again like a seal, out of sight. Seconds later she feels the slide of his cold hands up her thighs, and his mouth pressed for a moment against the soaked, close nylon of her pants – before his face reemerges and he joins her on the rocks.

But it takes more than an introductory kiss to defeat this man. For one thing – he prefers boys, but her little hard buttocks fascinate him, so she allows him to take her from behind.

For this good turn, the Japanese needed reinforcements. He has Cadbury kidnapped, and then, on board the Samurai gang's own submarine, she is stripped naked and subjected to the only torture the fiendish oriental enemy reckon can destroy her: death by a thousand orgasms.

Says the leader of the gang, as he shows the spreadeagled and pinioned girl seven inches of smooth black vibrator: 'In about one hour and a half, we shall have reduced you to an electric addict, screaming and satisfied while you literally die of pleasure. It is possible that you will beat the machine. In which case we shall try again tomorrow with a stronger battery.'

Then her former bed partner gently introduces her flesh to the fluted delights of the vibrator: 'She tensed herself, resisting the sensuous flooding sensation from the skilful inquiring head of the little black machine as it eased its way down over her hips and along the outsides of her thighs. She remembered the touch of his fingers in the hotel bedroom, and her body began to quiver with an uncontrolled spasm. As if sensing this, the machine nosed over her thigh and towards the exposed hairs around her groin. She quivered again, uncontrollably, and the machine seemed to press upwards of its own accord, trembling and shivering with its own contained joy. She could feel the moistness coming in her vulva, clenched her fingers, and let herself go. The only hope was relaxation, sticking it out. The first wave of intense pleasure began to shake her whole body when he nosed the machine over the lips of her vagina.'

But it takes more than the indefatigable battery of a plastic Japanese vibrator to beat the flesh-and-blood insatiability of a British girl's desire.

At first Cadbury faints with the pleasure of enduring nearly fifty of the electrically induced orgam orgasms. They bring her round for the next session. Then Cadbury comes to realise that by letting her body writhe in sensuous torment – *but alone* – in other words by cutting her mind off, she will win.

And win she does. Muscles uncramped, nipples still ready to harden at one touch, she decapitates her careless captors with their very own samurai swords.

Cadbury wins for Britain, of course, and the last moments of gunfire and death take place, almost inevitably, in Israel. Before the final battle, she's dancing in a nightclub there with a male colleague, when they're both attracted by a beautiful Israeli girl soldier.

All three of them dance together in orgastic celebration: 'Behind him Valerian felt Cadbury run her fingers inside the waistband of his trousers, her belly rotating urgently against his buttocks. In front he could feel his organ hardening as the Israeli girl rubbed her bottom into him. His hands moved up and began to caress and knead her breasts through the tight military shirt.

'The Israeli girl's head twisted round, and her tongue licked his lips. "Unfasten please," she said softly, and her body revolved in excitement as Valerian's fingers undid the buttons of her shirt from behind. Underneath, a superb pair of breasts, the nipples erect and quivering with delight, swung loose into his palms.

'Behind him Valerian could feel Cadbury opening her blouse. Against his back, the heat of her body was greater, and he felt the pressure and rubbing of her naked breasts on his spine. Her fingers slid down over his belly, clasping and stroking his pubic hair.

' "I love rock," said Rivolta, twisting her head again, her tongue flicking out and entering Valerian's mouth as he bent forward over her. At the same moment he felt Cadbury's quick hands on the zipper of his fly. There was an easing of the nylon over his penis, and his firm erection had been taken out and was being openly handled in her fingers . . .

'The music rose and climaxed. "Please come. Please come now," gasped Rivolta, withdrawing her lips and tongue. And Valerian feels himself climax as she rolls back and grinds her naked buttocks into his belly.'

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡ **Taxi Driver** (X), 1 hr 53 mins. Jodie Foster as a 12-year-old prostitute would seem to be the prime point of attention in this pin-sharp, seamy portrait of the underside of New York: as her cheery pimp enthuses, 'You've never had pussy like that. You can do anything with her you want. You can come in her face, you can put it in her ass, she'll get your cock so hard you won't believe it, man!' To combat such abuses of human dignity – as he sees it – does the film's neurotic insomniac hero, Travis the taxi driver (Robert De Niro) train himself to peak physical condition and equip himself with an arsenal of hand guns. Thus armed, he botches an attempt at political assassination but succeeds, via quite the goriest blood bath currently on screen, in freeing the unwilling Miss Foster from her pimps and protectors. Brilliant in parts, the film is erratic and ultimately unsatisfying. One moment Travis is a self-appointed saviour of New York – 'Listen, you fuckers! Here is a man who would not take any more. A man who stood up against the scum, the cunts, the dogs, the shit!' – the next he's almost seducing a coolly sensational Cybill Shepherd with a line in chat that would outcharm Cary Grant.

♡♡ **Logan's Run (A), 2 hrs. Despite the cinema's first nude views of Jenny *(Railway Children)* Agutter, and a tantalisingly brief sweep through a red-lit, slow-motion Hall of Love, (where faceless bodies writhe in convenient semi-darkness), this is a surprisingly bland sci-fi epic: a portrait of a 23rd century world where earthlings live a life of total pleasure under plastic domes – the single catch being that no one lives beyond the age of 30. Extinction is provided by 'carousel' – a kind of balletic Russian roulette, not unlike the Roman games – or the flaring pistols of the Sandmen, black-clad policemen who come to put potential escapees – 'runners' – to sleep, permanently. Michael York is a Sandman conned by his city's inevitable computer into 'running' in order to unearth a mythical 'sanctuary': some runners, it appears, actually do escape. Mr York and Miss Agutter emerge from their dome into the real world, stumbling upon the last Old Man (Peter Ustinov) who reveals that there *is* life beyond 30. Undemanding and pleasant to look at, a huge budget ably disguises a not very inspired script and uncertain direction (how will people behave in the 23rd century anyway?) My only warning goes to fans of the original novel: a work of driving pace and not a little poetry. This is strictly the mainstream version.

***♡♡ **The Sweeney** (X), 1 hr 50 mins. Meaning, of course, the Flying Squad. This is a must for fans of the toughest and most authentic police television series since *Z Cars.* John Thaw and Dennis Waterman re-enact their roles as Detective Inspector Regan and Detective Sergeant Carter in a tale of corruption and murder among the multi-national oil companies. Unlike too many tele-adaptations this retains the grit and enthusiasm of the original, from its solidly realised London background to the wise-cracking working relationship between Thaw and Waterman – Regan, after a particularly violent brawl: 'Give us a fag.' Carter: 'I've only got one.' Regan, snatching it: 'I only want one.' Sex is minimal but splendidly observed: Regan accepting the grateful favours of Diane Keen's high class callgirl – she otherwise costs the sheiks £1,000 a night – or Regan and Carter's tussle over which of them is fancied by an air hostess: the result is stalemate.

♡♡ **The Tenant (X), 2 hrs 6 mins. Roman Polanski stars in his own film about a shy, expatriate Pole who takes over a Parisian apartment, the previous tenant – a beautiful girl – having committed suicide. All is not well, one suspects, when Polanski glimpses silent figures gazing at him from the window of a neighbouring lavatory, and when his neighbours reveal themselves to be almost universally obnoxious he seizes on the idea that they are forcing him, too, to kill himself. Technically superb, it treads uneasily between the spine chilling and the hilariously bizarre – Polanski himself is a born comic. A nice moment when he takes a new girlfriend to the cinema: ogling the bone-cracking exploits of Bruce Lee, she grips his knee in excitement, easing her fingers up to his groin which she suddenly clutches. Responding eagerly, he turns to leap on her, to catch the baleful eye of a man crunching crisps in the seat behind.

*****♡♡ **Picnic at Hanging Rock** (A), 1 hr 55 mins. This is a beautifully photographed mystery tale, which verges on being a masterpiece. The film is based on Joan Lindsay's novel of the same name and is a true story; on St Valentine's Day 1900 a group of schoolgirls, in virginal white school dress, set off with their chaperone to picnic at the monolithic Hanging Rock. Four girls led by the gorgeous Miranda (Anne Lambert) decide to climb the rock. Three of them disappear and two are never seen again, their bodies and that of the chaperone who also mysteriously disappeared, are never recovered. The film doesn't try to explain what happened to them and is richer for it though one may draw one's own conclusion. Of course, the disappearance has its consequences at the college among the other pupils, the surviving girl, who can't remember anything of what happened, the headmistress (Rachel Roberts) and the wealthy landowner's son Michael Fitzhubert (Dominic Guard who played '*the Go-Between*') who is intricately caught-up in the affair. Although there is a total lack of nudity the erotic symbolism of schoolgirls in virginal costume and the closeness of their relationships, makes sensually erotic viewing. A brilliant film.

***♡ **Buffalo Bill and the Indians** (A), 2 hrs 3 mins. Director Robert Altman's debunking of the American West and The Show Business, as portrayed by the real-life Wild West Show of Buffalo Bill Cody. Paul Newman plays Cody as a megalomaniac charlatan who hires Sitting Bull – architect of Custer's defeat – as a star attraction only to have all his plans and pretensions subtly undermined by the wizened, smiling old Indian.

EAU DE TOILETTE
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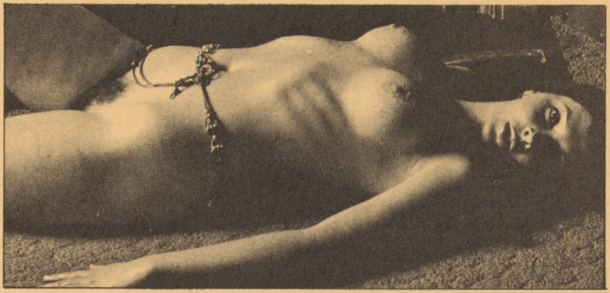

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Lemmings is opening and conversation is coming back in. *Lemmings* is a new club, with an unlikely name, situated in Regent's Park Road, within earshot of the London Zoo, and run by a sensitive Irishman who thinks that people have come round to wanting to speak to each other again on the dancefloor.

This theory is borne out by the number of requests that we get for a restaurant, nightclub, or discotheque where conversation has not literally been blasted out of the window on a wave of decibels. Already the *Vintage Room*, in the Inn-on-the-Park Hotel, has made a determined effort to control the volume of the live band and the alternative discotheque. *Barbarella,* in the Fulham Road, has a sensitively-controlled discotheque. *Tiberio Restaurant*, in Queen Street, Mayfair, has a band that is not allowed to play loudly due to the sensitive ears of the management, and at *La Bussola,* in St Martin's Lane, both bands are relatively quiet. Now, *Lemmings* will provide a further venue for those in search of everlasting peace, with two bars, one of which looks down on the dancefloor from a minstrel's gallery at the far end of the finely-arched diningroom. There will be live music often, a discreet disco always.

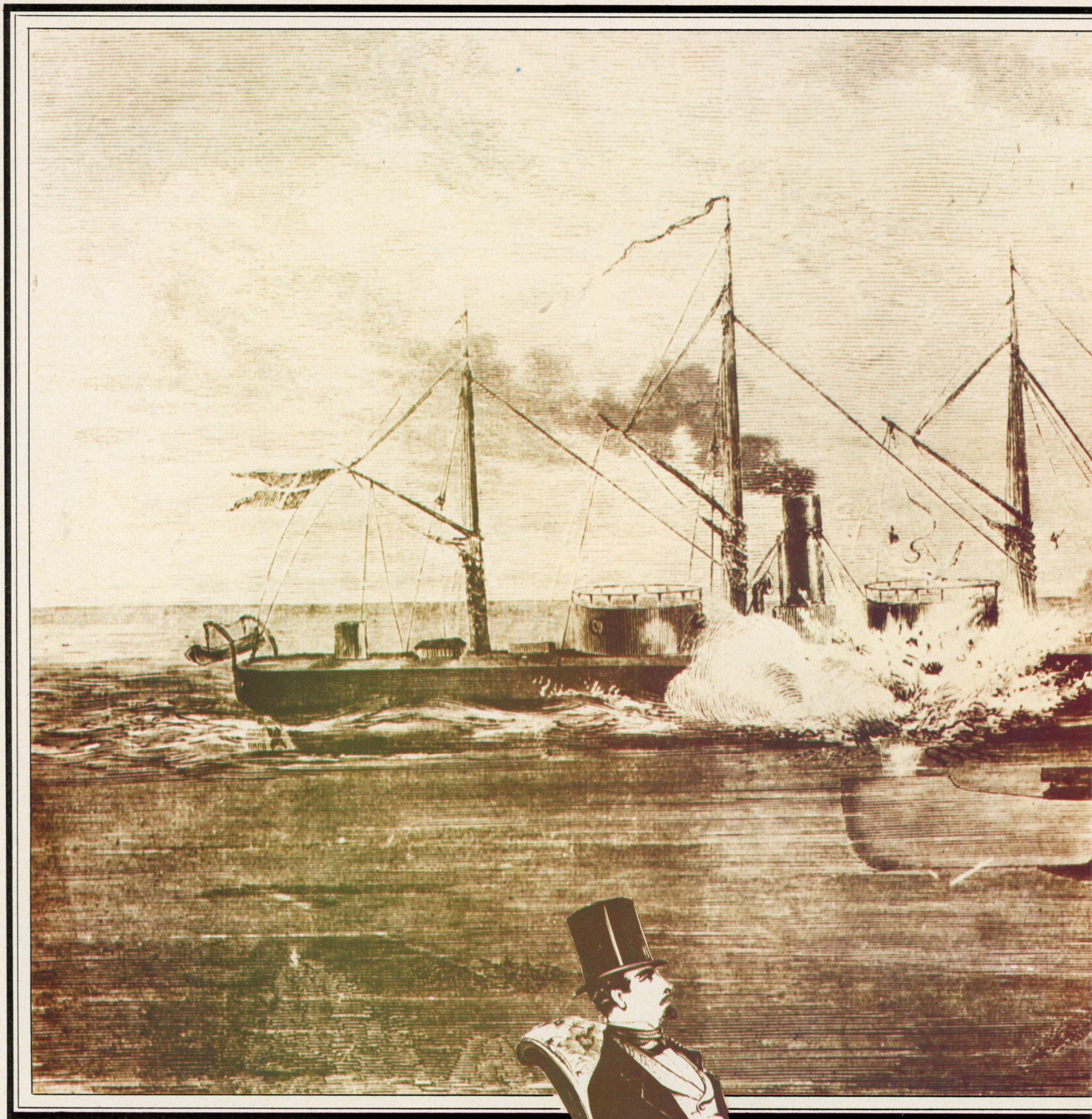
The new club's premises are purpose-built, and the decor of the restaurant room uses as its theme plenty of exotic greenery and comfortable banquettes closely fitted to the tables to make conversation easy. Fifteen pounds will buy you founder membership.

If you go to **Le Steak Nicole** (Tel: 01-834 7301) in Wilton Road, London SW1, you won't unfortunately see or meet Nicole, but you will get a large, good and interesting steak.

This is one of those restaurants where you may sit at tables on the pavement if you wish, or inside in a Hessian-lined room on the ground floor and a further restaurant below. You cannot spend more than £3 because lunch and dinner are served at a set price, and you have a choice of either a *plat du jour*, which is a daily surprise traditional French dish, or a steak meal with a special secret-recipe sauce. The steak is brought to your table in a skillet, and sliced in front of you, and after you think that you have just finished the main course, the skillet is returned to the table and you are given a further helping of the steak, and this magic sauce. For those particular persons who do not wish to take steak with the recommended sauce, there is a choice of Steak Roquefort. There is a limited range of sweets and also a limited choice of either a vintage Beaujolais at £2·65 or a vintage Bordeaux at the same price.

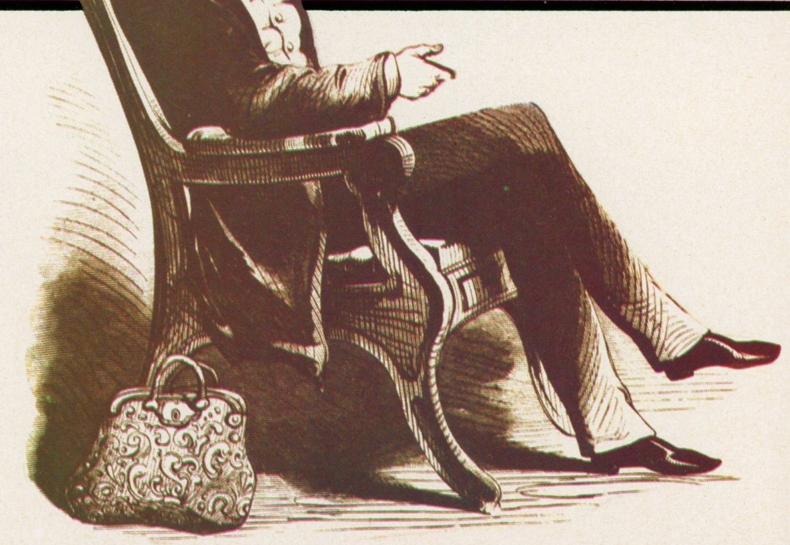
We don't often recommend Indian restaurants in *Mayfair* but I must tell you about **Geetanjli** (Tel: 01-493 1779) in Brook Street, W1. *Geetanjli* has the advantage of being open for lunch and dinner every day of the week.

Before you walk in the door of this picturesque, dimly-lit room, you will see there are many framed recommendations and awards from restaurant writers and gourmet associations endorsing the quality of the Indian food. The Tandoori grill supplies a range of chicken, lobster and lamb dishes, and of course that leaven-yeasted Indian bread which they bake on the side of the oven – the Nan bread. The stuffed tiger lying on the floor in the hallway and the deep colouring of the red and gold room tend to give the *Geetanjli* an authentic Indian atmosphere. One of the most impressive points which I have noted on the occasional times that I dined in an Indian restaurant is the fact that the staff never seem to be at all perturbed if one just orders a pint of lager with the meal, instead of the usual more expensive wines (although at *Geetanjli* the carafe of wine is only £2·40), so it is easy to see that a meal in this Mayfair Indian restaurant need not be expensive: in fact it is remarkably economical, at possibly £6 for two persons.

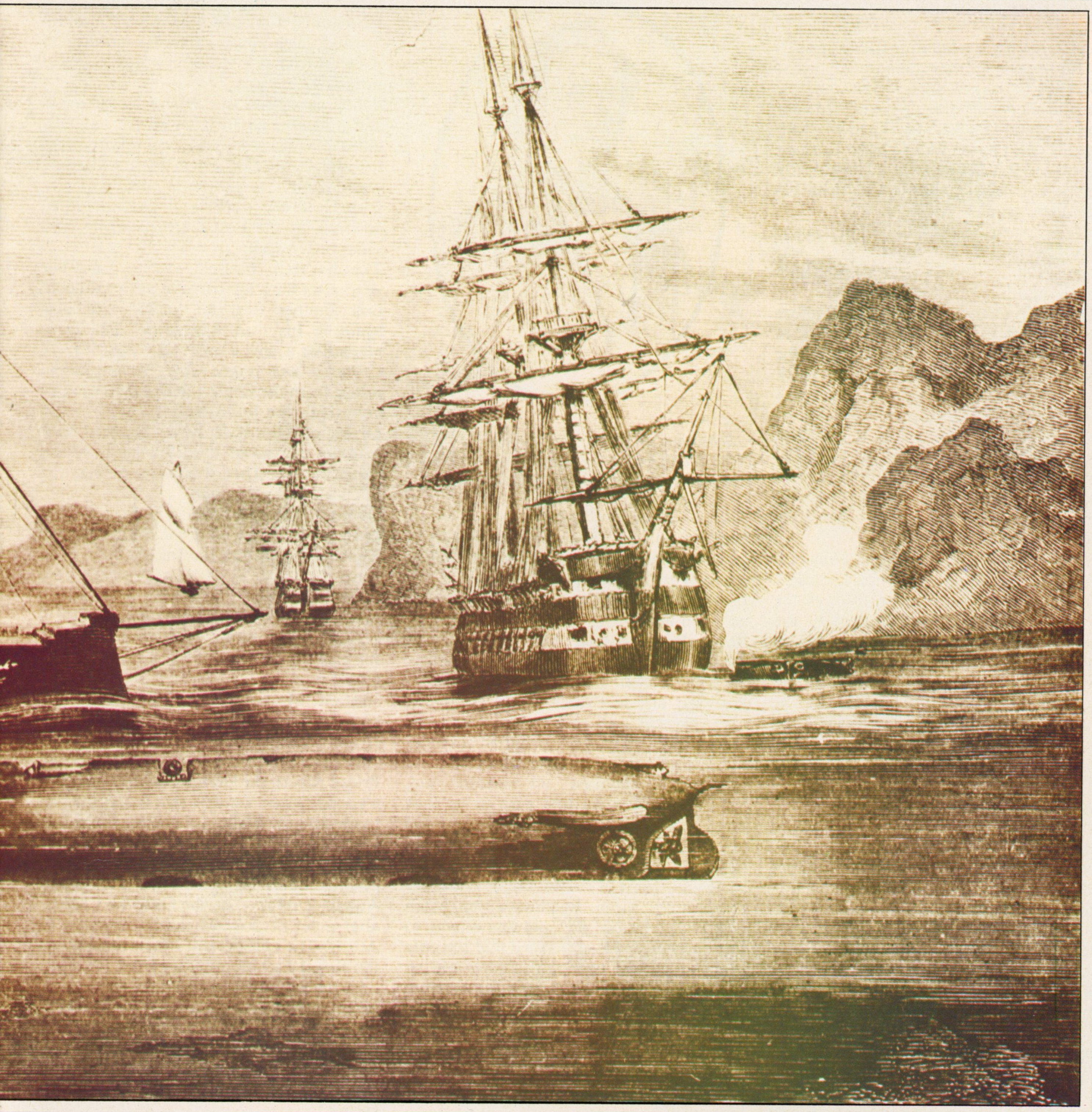


The Man Who Dreamed Up Undersea Warfare

By Tom Todd



Eccentric, dedicated, but dogged by bad luck, Bavaria's Wilhelm Bauer was the father of the U-boat



The surface of Kiel Harbour on that bitterly cold February morning in 1851 was grey and placid. The harbour was empty save for a flotilla of small boats manned by anxious officials staring over the sides into the deep water.

More than 50 ft below them on the seaweed-studded mud three Germans fought for their lives in a buckling, sheet-iron submarine called the *Brandtaucher*, Fire Diver. Two of the men entombed in that iron can as air faded were not even sailors at all. The third was Sebastian Wilhelm Bauer, a Bavarian inventor who, at 29, had just demonstrated the first German operational submarine – and gone to the bottom in it. Bauer – some called him the Mad Bavarian – fought for life with coolness that day and saved all three of them. But his battle, over the next 20 years among the still splintered states of 19th century Europe, for support for his inventions was to be nowhere near as successful.

His work, dogged by incredibly bad luck, lack of cash and bureaucratic corruption, reveals him as one of the first of a series of talented scientific Germans who were to open the door on a world of undreamed of marine advance and pave the way for the advent, half a century later, of the notorious German U-Boat.

The shadows of things to come are all there in the life of the little-known son of a poor army corporal: submarines, giant wreck raising rigs, research diving bells, underwater telegraph cables, revolving gun turrets, aircraft and the underwater missile. But nobody wanted to know. It was left to Germans like Rudolf Diesel, Nikolaus Otto and Werner von Siemens to put engine guts into the kind of inventions Bauer developed. And it was left to Germans like Otto von

Above: a contemporary artist's impression of Wilhelm Bauer's 'Küstenbrander', a mine-laying submarine which never left the drawing board.

Bismarck to weld the German nation into a unified whole capable of recognising their potential.

Bauer's idea for a submarine had been with him for some time before that fateful day in 1851. At first no one was interested in the young artillery corporal's plans to blow up Danish ships blockading the Schleswig-Holstein coast in the war with the German Federation. But Bauer persisted, eventually winning cash and permission to build his underwater craft.

His *Brandtaucher* was a flat-sided submarine looking something like a sea lion. It was about 31 ft long, six wide and 11 ft 8 in high and displaced about 35 tons.

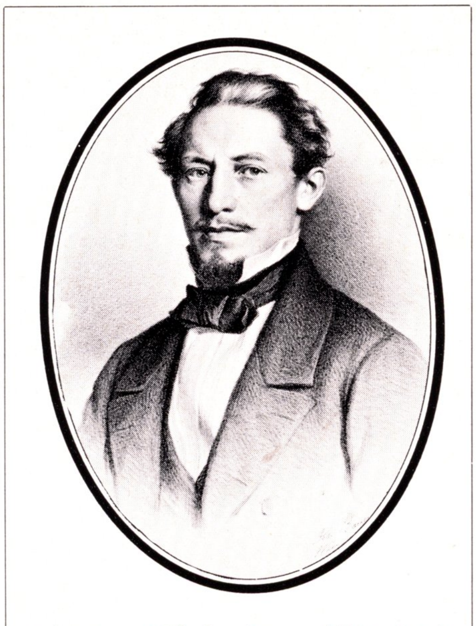
Danish spies already had wind of it before it was launched just before Christmas in 1850 and when it did hit the water, the Danish fleet prudently withdrew to mark the occasion. Later a tap aboard the sub was mysteriously turned on and the *Brandtaucher* sank in 27 ft of water. It was soon raised and readied for its first official demonstration before the top brass. It was a demonstration which was again to take it to the bottom of Kiel Harbour – this time with Bauer inside it.

With two volunteer crewmen, Friedrich Witt, a carpenter, and Wilhelm Thomsen, a smith, Bauer climbed down through the 18 in by 24 in hatch on the neck of the *Brandtaucher* at 0900 hours. The muscle power of Witt and Thomsen turned the two centrally-placed 5 ft treadmills which turned the sub's 4 ft, three-blade propeller.

Bauer took the sub through its paces, just below the surface and, with the watching top brass suitably impressed, headed for the deepest part of the harbour. There, the *Brandtaucher* slid below the black surface for a dive scheduled to be short and take them no deeper than 30 ft. It was to last more than five hours, take them 50 ft down and nearly kill all three of them.

The sub started to canter, stern down, from the moment Bauer took her down. A forgotten 150 lbs of ballast from previous tests created the tilt and as Bauer let in 3,000 litres of water ballast, the sub tipped dangerously, throwing the three submariners off balance. Pumping was useless with the stern pump submerged and the forward pump high and dry, and the sub headed for the bottom. Prodded by an impatient army and penny-pinching officials, Bauer had skimped on hull materials and on extra stabilising equipment which would have kept the craft even. Now he paid the price. The quarter-inch sheet-iron sides began to creak as she sank lower than her limit. Then the outer walls began to cave in. The giant treadwheels burst, along with wood and iron supports. As the sides of the sub began to resemble an hour glass, the *Brandtaucher* settled on the bottom – in about 54 ft of icy, unfriendly sea.

Frantically the submariners continued to pump as more water leaked into the crippled craft. Inside half an hour they were hip-deep and the situation looked hopeless.



Sebastian Wilhelm Bauer (1822–1875), the Munich-born inventor whose work led to the development of Germany's U-boats.

Bauer, wrapped in his military greatcoat and hunched on one of the smashed treadwheels, kept his cool. But Thomsen's nerves soon went. The smith reached for a seaman's knife and went for Bauer, shouting to Witt: 'I'm not planning to die alone, Friedrich. I'll take him with us – he brought us down here!'

Bauer described later how he dealt with the first underwater mutiny in naval history. He drew a small service revolver from the greatcoat and levelled it at the panicking man. He was well aware that it was not loaded and that it was so full of seawater that it would probably never fire again. 'One more word, Thomsen', the inventor said, 'and you will be the first man to be shot dead under water!' The threat worked and Thomsen calmed down and resigned himself to whatever fate awaited them.

Their only hope of rescue, Bauer knew, lay in the entry hatch. But above that hatch was 50 ft of water pressure and efforts to open up failed. Bauer decided that the only thing to do was to stop pumping and sit tight until the water rose and the pressure of air in the sub equalled that of the water pressure outside.

Thomsen and Witt thought he was mad – but did as they were told, clambering out of the flooded bottom to sit shivering beside him.

On the surface, efforts to rescue them got under way. Bauer knew there was no chance of them being winched up before their air was exhausted. But the thud of weighted lines on the bent sub's back cheered them. As heavier, metal grapples came down, the relief turned to concern as the danger of a bullseye window being smashed grew greater. The grapples were finally withdrawn and replaced by a strong chain which wrapped itself around the hatch cover they were praying they could get out of. Luckily the chain freed itself and Witt managed with effort to lift the iron hatch. As water flooded in he shot to the surface in the air from the submarine, followed by Bauer and a now almost unconscious Thomsen.

The three men broke surface in the middle of their own funeral service – and as officials and friends in the rescue boats formally gave them up to the sea. It was 1530 hours. They had been down for about five and a half hours and had demonstrated the world's first free escape from a crippled submarine.

Bauer never saw his *Brandtaucher* again and it was to be 36 years before anybody did. It was hauled, rusted and forgotten, to the surface in 1887 by a floating dredger working on a new torpedo port.

It survived two world wars and now rests, restored, in the East German Army Museum in Dresden.

The Bavarian himself was to wait five years after the Kiel escapade before he could find another financial backer and dive again in his own submarine. The story reads like a spy novel and it was as the Crimean war raged that Bauer found refuge from the English in the arms of their arch rivals the Russians.

Drying off after Kiel, Bauer bounced back with an improved model version of his *Brandtaucher*. That was easy. Selling the full scale thing was not.

Bavaria's King Maximilian nodded politely as Bauer tried first at home, but found the whole thing rather boring in any case. Austria's Kaiser Franz Josef, a much more military-minded gentleman, promised funds. But an economics ministry with a grudge made sure they never made it through the paperwork. Someone, it seems, forgot to invite the Minister to the demonstration. Martial Prussia was the next to give the Bavarian the cold shoulder.

It was from England that footsore Bauer seemed to get his break. An invitation from Prince Albert, the German-born husband of a young Queen Victoria sent Bauer limping to the Isle of Wight.

Under his arm was his new 27 in clockwork model; in his pocket were just a few pounds. Bauer demonstrated his model on August 2, 1852 – on the Osborne Canal – after a bit of princely public relations by Albert. The Queen, and other members of the Royal Family, watched from the *Fairy* – the tender of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*. 'They came quite close to the *Fairy*', Queen Victoria wrote in her Journal that day. 'The boat was only a small model, which looked like a fish and which was very wonderful, the inventor propelling it by a spring.'

It was on one of its final runs – under the *Fairy* – that disaster struck. The cord tied to the model snagged on the tender's keel and the valuable little miniature clockworked into the canal bottom. Bauer, not surprisingly, was in despair. Victoria, characteristically, was just as upset. 'It was most distressing', she wrote. 'And I could have cried for the poor man, who seemed quite in despair'.

Some of the crew of the *Fairy* dived overboard in a gallant but vain attempt to retrieve the model. Albert, just as enthusiastic about the invention, saw Bauer the following day.

The Bavarian turned up with just four pounds in his pocket. He left with £50 to build another model and a second £50 to

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The man who dreamed up undersea warfare

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develop a propulsion system to go with it. Bauer was back in England 10 months later after nearly having blinded himself while experimenting into gas, petroleum and steam propulsion systems. He was never to succeed in producing a viable working system, but the awareness that this was the key to real potential, under water, never left him. Despite the ever-helpful Prince Albert, Admiralty officials listened politely but reported to their higher-ups unenthusiastically. The submarine could probably do what Bauer claimed, they reported. But it was too slow, vulnerable and limited in effectiveness for practical wartime use. The expense – £5,600 – was also thought to be too optimistic and in any case unwarranted for a weapon which, it was felt, stood little chance of being adopted by England.

They were to think differently later. So were the Russians. But for the moment the matter was dropped and Bauer was half way home in 1854 after failing to sell his sub to Napoleon III of France when a new appeal from Albert reached him.

Bauer returned to London and contracted with shipbuilder Scott Russell to build the submarine in Greenwich with the Englishman taking a good slice of the profits but supplying the materials. Bauer was planning it when England, France and Turkey decided to line up against Czarist Russia. The Crimean War had started.

Navy top brass and political personalities like future Premier Lord Palmerston now began to see more potential in submarine warfare. And the British fleet was in fact boosted from some 200 ships to close on 600 before the war was over.

A £10,000 project was launched to build an English submarine. But the man who brought the idea – Wilhelm Bauer – was snubbed all the way along the line. His contract with Scott Russell poo-poohed as the shipbuilder saw the chance to build his own, Bauer complained to the Admiralty who had turned down his plan originally. He told them he was off to Russia – 'and we will see who builds the best one'.

Reportedly warned that an order had gone out for the confiscation of his plans, Bauer early one morning slipped down the Thames in a fishing boat and left the country, heading, as he had threatened, for St. Petersburg. Behind him the English called in the German technical designer Ahrleiter – who knew Bauer's ideas well – and an English submarine took shape in Greenwich. Looking suspiciously like Bauer's model, it sank during trials taking its crew with it.

The war-pressed Russians were not so testy as the English. Soon after Bauer arrived in 1855 a commission headed by the Grand Duke Constantine offered him a contract to build his new submarine.

The keel was laid in May 1855 and it was just the second time in the life of the now 33-year-old turner that his boat had got any further than the drawing board.

Success followed success: Bauer was also appointed a submariner major in the Russian navy with 180 silver Roubles a month and was contracted to lead his sub into action against the enemy. His six year contract even thought of his death. If he and his submarine went down, his heirs were to get a tidy sum in insurance. As Bauer didn't have any heirs perhaps it was this – or just the general stability that turned him to thoughts of love. It was in St. Petersburg that he met, and soon married, Sophie Anna Hösli, the pretty 21-year-old daughter of a Swiss mechanic. Bauer – when he was not writing about his inventions – paid her the biggest compliment he could have paid any woman. What impressed him about her, he said, was that she had guts enough to accompany him on trips in his new submarine. And in 1855 that took real guts.

Bauer's new submarine – the *Seeteufel* (Sea Devil) – was launched in November that year in Kronstadt harbour. It was designed for dives to more than 160 ft and was 52 ft long, about 12 ft wide and some 11 ft high – looking much more like the cigar shaped subs of today than the *Brandtaucher* ever had. But like its small brother it still relied on muscle power for propulsion – this time lots more of it.

Twelve men took turns on the treadwheel, which stood midships and was almost as high as the sub, while a thirteenth steered. New this time was a pressure chamber for divers to enter and leave the sub under

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water and three water ballast tanks, about ten ft high, each of which could be flooded independently.

The *Seeteufel* was built to fight and up front a 500 lb mine was fixed to the hull. This could be detached and primed under an enemy ship via thick rubber 'sleeves' built through the hull. Bullseye windows showed the way.

Bauer took it down for no less than 133 successful test dives between May and October 1856. He also caused consternation, and no doubt raised some eyebrows back at the British Admiralty, when he undersailed a blockade of English and French men-of-war off St Petersburg and penetrated deep into Kronstadt harbour. He also experimented with compressed air to improve the sub's diving life and was probably the first man ever to take underwater photographs.

To mark the Coronation of a new Czar – Alexander II – the German dived for four hours September 6, 1856 taking with him four trumpeters to conduct what must have been the first underwater concert of all time!

But the idyll was not to last. Opposition was in the air in St. Petersburg in much the same way as it had been in Austria, England and elsewhere.

Bauer, a meticulously honest man, rubbed corrupt Russian ministry officials up the wrong way. There was no room in his scheme of things for the quiet backhander to a ministry or naval aide for services rendered. This was unheard of around the Czarist throne and hackles rose. Bauer began to gather mighty enemies who wanted to line their own pockets – and when they could not, they made life for Bauer very difficult.

Ministry opponents told Czar Alexander after the festive coronation dive of the *Seefeutel* that Bauer had allowed anti-Czar music to be played. It was months before the German found out about it but it was very easy, as he wrote later, to fall quickly from the zenith of Royal patronage to the Siberian darkness of displeasure.

Then, on October 2, 1856, as the *Seeteufel* was on its 134th test dive, this one to lay mines, trouble hit the submarine. The idea was to blow up an old ship in a demonstration for the Russian Admiralty. Navy officials allegedly saw to it that the target ship was anchored in a spot too shallow for Bauer to get under it.

The submarine ran onto a sandbank and its propeller caught in seaweed. Bauer, after trying to free it, vented ballast in an effort to tear it loose. The stern stuck fast and only the bow and conning tower of the sub broke surface.

As they did, Russian naval lieutenant Fedorowich, assigned to the Bauer crew, wrenched open the hatch cover and sprang to safety. Water poured into the submarine and Bauer and the rest of the crew fought in vain to pump it out before they too had to make a quick exit. The flooded *Seeteufel* settled on the bottom.

Nobody knows for sure to this day what really happened. But Bauer was convinced the whole episode was a neatly worked out sabotage plot aimed at discrediting him. And it succeeded.

Constantine ordered the lieutenant punished and the submarine raised. He also ordered a model of Bauer's latest brainchild – a 24 gun submarine corvette to be powered by a 350 hp steam engine. But the writing was on the wall and the powerful backing helped little. Corrupt ministers accused Bauer of breaking contracts and withheld rewards. They also saw to it that the corvette never got the cash to get it off the drawing board. Bauer also designed a diving chamber to probe the wreck of the Russian liner *Lefort* which had gone down earlier in the year with more than 800 people on board in more than 200 ft of water off Kronstadt. Bauer's opponents saw to it that the chamber never got far either.

The German inventor called it a day and headed back to Munich in 1858 – after three years with the Russians. He was told he could collect the *Seeteufel* at his convenience but never saw it again and what happened to it finally is not known.

Undaunted by his earlier brush with the English, Bauer was back in London in 1860 with designs for another little war horror developed years earlier in the army. It was a floating artillery battery, an ingenious revolving platform with cannon and designed to overcome blind raking angles for defence artillery. The Bavarians and the Prussians had already said no but an English naval commission recommended it and asked for quotes. It was enough to send Bauer hurtling back home to sell his furniture and pick up Söphie. When he got back to London it was to hear that the Admiralty had had second thoughts.

He was back on the water the following year – this time above it and as tenacious as ever. He won a contract to lift the prize steamer *Ludwig* lying at the bottom of Lake Constance after a collision earlier in 1861.

Bauer's divers attached sealed wooden casks to the steamer until it floated up – and until the cash promised by the Bavarian Government for longer-lasting rubber and linen balloons turned up. The *Ludwig* was on the surface within three weeks of Bauer reaching the lake. But that was as far as it got. The temporary wooden floats gave up the ghost in foul, battering weather as Bauer waited for his cash and the *Ludwig* went to the bottom again.

It was the old story. This time the responsible shipping company, keen on a brand-new modern replacement for the *Ludwig*, was throwing a few spanners into the works. Two more efforts to raise the steamer were thwarted and Bauer picked up his gear and went round to the Swiss side of the lake where he found a better reception. He finally got his balloons and the ship was raised August 15, 1863 and towed into Rorschach harbour. Honour was satisfied, as Bauer no doubt would have said, but the coffers had been drained.

He tried to cash in a little on some of the

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small fame the raising of the *Ludwig* had brought him by forming a share company in Bremen for ship salvage. But the plan failed when few could be found to put their money where their mouths were. Once again it was left to later generations to make the millions. A friend commented prophetically '. . . Germany had not yet become a state where such a success could have brought riches to its inventor. The enterprising Americans would have really exploited such an invention'.

Bauer moved on, still searching for the lucky break and rarely finding it, shelving projects for a more ambitious technical age to pick up, recognise, dust off and develop. His plans for a submarine-of-war, still with him from the days in Russia, got another chance in 1864 when the Germans and Danes were at war yet again.

Bauer welded the earlier *Brandtaucher* and corvette ideas into the most warlike of all his submarine projects, the *Küstenbrander* (Coastal Raider). This was a two-level attack vessel – firing cannon broadsides on the surface below the firing line of enemy guns and laying mines while submerged.

The Prussians liked it and set Bauer up on the Baltic coast at 100 *Talers* a month to build it. This he would undoubtedly have done had he not got wind that another of his inventions was being built by the Prussians in Berlin without his say-so. Charging exploitation he upped and left. He may well have regretted it later because the *Küstenbrander* came close to doing to the Danes what the little *Brandtaucher* had failed to do fifteen years earlier.

On April 18, 1866 several hundred well-dressed guests had just arrived at Starnberg Railway Station on the lake of the same name south of Munich when a strange whistle in the air caused many to look up. The military men among them were in no doubt it was an artillery shell. It was. Wilhelm Bauer was back again.

The German-Danish war – another one – was under way and the shell that whistled its way over Starnberg Railway Station to thump harmlessly a mere 200 yards from where the people stood had been fired from Bauer's latest novelty – an underwater cannon.

That first shell had gone astray. The idea had been to pierce an underwater target – like his own submarines – and Bauer effectively demonstrated this later in a shot which sent a shell sizzling through a two and a half inch thick steel plate suspended some 30 ft below the lake.

Despite the war, neither the Bavarians nor the Prussians were very interested. Bauer had missed out again and it was left to others, once more, to see the potential of underwater missiles. Bauer, embittered now – others would have been long since – wrote: 'It's German – not from England or America, and so it doesn't cost millions. Those are its faults!'

As if he did not have enough to complain about, hours on a raft on Starnberg Lake, soaked and half frozen, testing his cannon and its electric detonator, left Bauer with gout. He was still only 48, fingers useless and soon to be confined to a wheelchair. But the ideas kept on coming.

Shortly after the outbreak of yet another war – this time between the Germans and the French in 1870 – Bauer maintained that he had developed a 'motion' machine that made aviation feasible.

As ever, without two pennies to rub together, he wrote to a friend: 'I only wish that I could raise 1,000 *Talers* quickly. Then I would take a "German eagle" over Paris and laugh at their fortifications while applying such dynamite pressure on the city and the government as would dictate peace. . .' Shortly after this he was talking about an aeroplane for a four man crew. But again there were no takers.

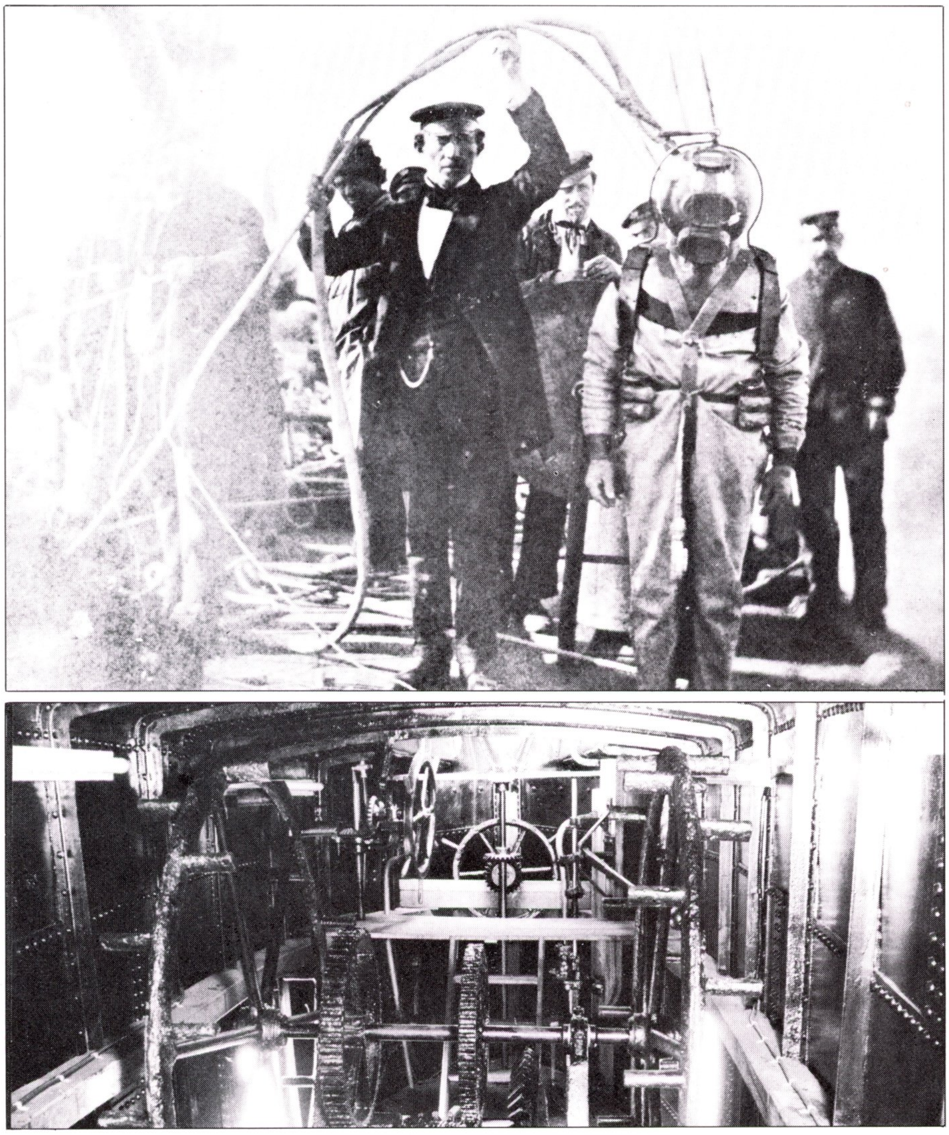
Luckless, scorned and disillusioned, Bauer called it a day. He died in Munich in 1875 – just a hundred years ago last year – at the age of 52. In the ten years before his death he lost all four of his young children. He was hard in his criticism of others, but incredibly dogged by bad luck and never forgetful of his own faults. 'In Bavaria', he wrote, 'I was regarded as unusable, in Austria as unpersuasive, in England as worthy only of exploitation, in France as worthy only of being robbed, in Russia as a Moor, in Prussia as headstrong, throughout the whole of Germany as a flash in the pan – and by myself as a chronicler of a list of my own weaknesses'.

Wilhelm Bauer spent a remarkable life battering a sincere head against a brick wall of self-interest and indifference. It was a head filled with ideas for the future.

The Nazis glorified his nationalistic exploits in a 1941 spy film. The modern German navy named one of its submarines after him. The Deutsches Museum marked the 100th anniversary of his death with a special exhibition. But otherwise Bauer is now largely forgotten. He was unlucky enough not only to have been unlucky but also to have lived just before the dawn of a period of swift and enthusiastic marine technology advance – and he was swallowed by it and by the great men who put flesh onto the bare bones of some of his ideas.

The grave stone in Munich's Nord Friedhof is shaped like the *Brandtaucher* – the Fire Diver that never laid any fire.

But after 100 years and two world wars it bears modest witness among the ivy to a man who should be allowed the claim to have helped pioneer much of what has been achieved, for good or bad, both above and below the waves.



Top: Bauer during an attempt to raise the sunken steamer 'Ludwig' from Lake Constance in the 1860s. Below: the interior of his first full-size submarine, the 'Brandtaucher.'

What excuse can you make when a shock sends you trouserless into the naked arms of your next door neighbour and your wife happens to walk in?

Letter to Cathy

Humour by
Colin R. Bowles

Dear Cathy, March 7th

I am writing dear Cathy, not beg to forgiveness, as you no doubt are thinking but to clarify the circumstances of our recent misunderstanding. I say 'misunderstanding' as this is indeed what it was, and not the sordid affair that you made it out to be. Mrs Wilkins is prepared to back up everything I say. I would have explained all this to you myself, but as you've hung up on me everytime I've attempted to call you, (understandable anger and confusion on your part, which I am prepared to forgive), and as your brother had to resort to violence on the one occasion I attempted to see you in person, (which is fairly indicative of his breeding), I have no option but to put my case in writing.

First of all, let me say, that Mrs Wilkins is as distressed by all this as I am. Her reputation has been sullied as much as mine and, far be it from me to criticise, but it would have been better for all concerned if you had refrained from telling your version of the affair to the press before learning the facts as they really are.

May I also say what a nice surprise it was to get a parcel from your mother. In retrospect, I suppose it would have been a surprise, nay, even a shock to get a shoe box full of human excrement from any normal human being, but coming from your mother, I should have expected it. I have no wish to demean your heritage in any way, but I hope that returning to the bosom of your family is not a retrograde step, having spent so many years in the tranquillity and sanity of a normal home.

But to the point. You have labelled me adulterer, womaniser and fiend. Your father has called me far worse, in his own dockside manner. But I wish to state here and now that these accusations are all untrue, and I am the victim of one of Fate's most disastrous practical jokes.

On the morning in question, I took the day off work to put up the new set of cupboards that you had set your heart on. I did this, as you know, despite the fact that I might lose a day's pay. In fact I did it to make you happy. And what

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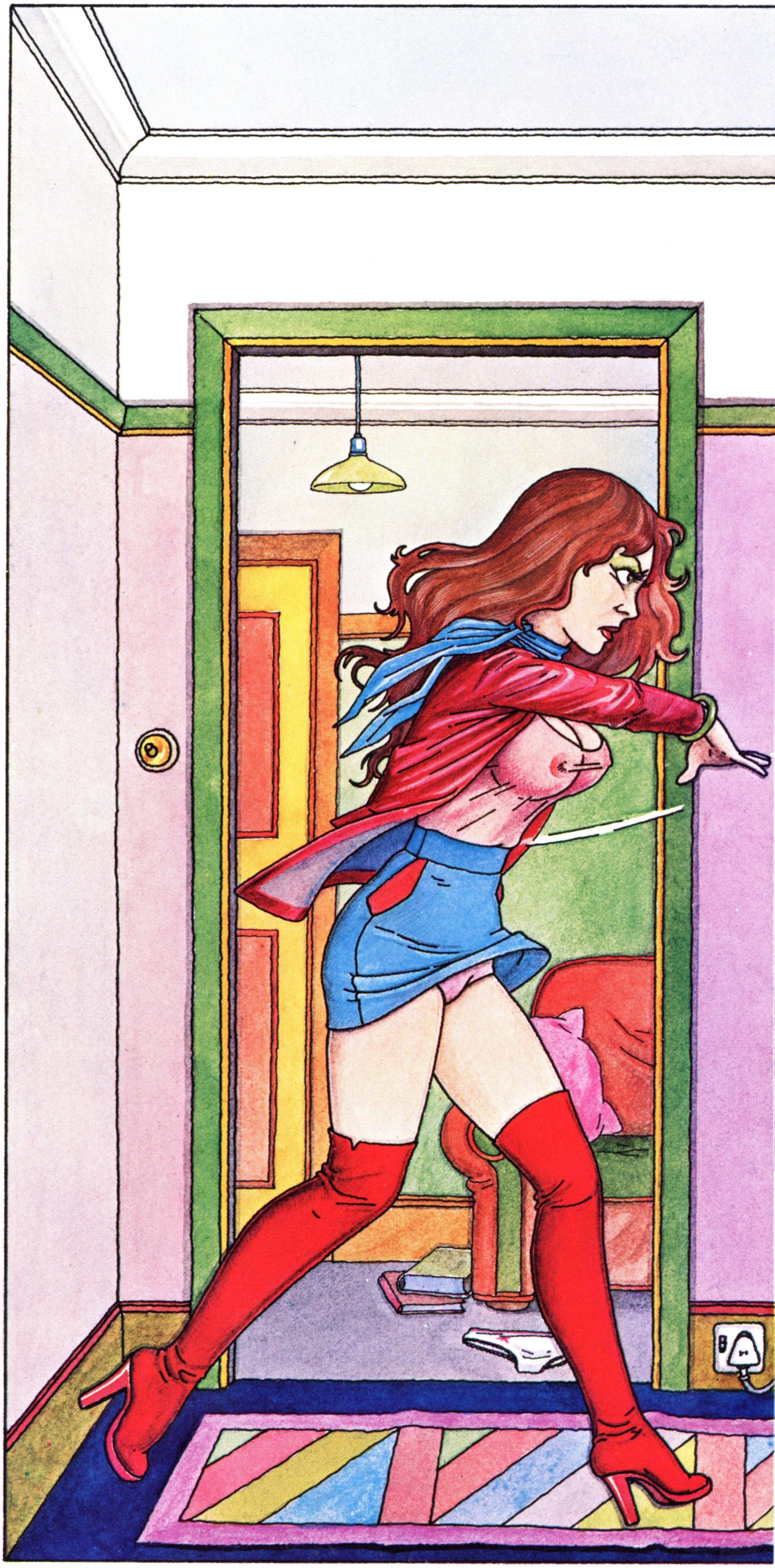
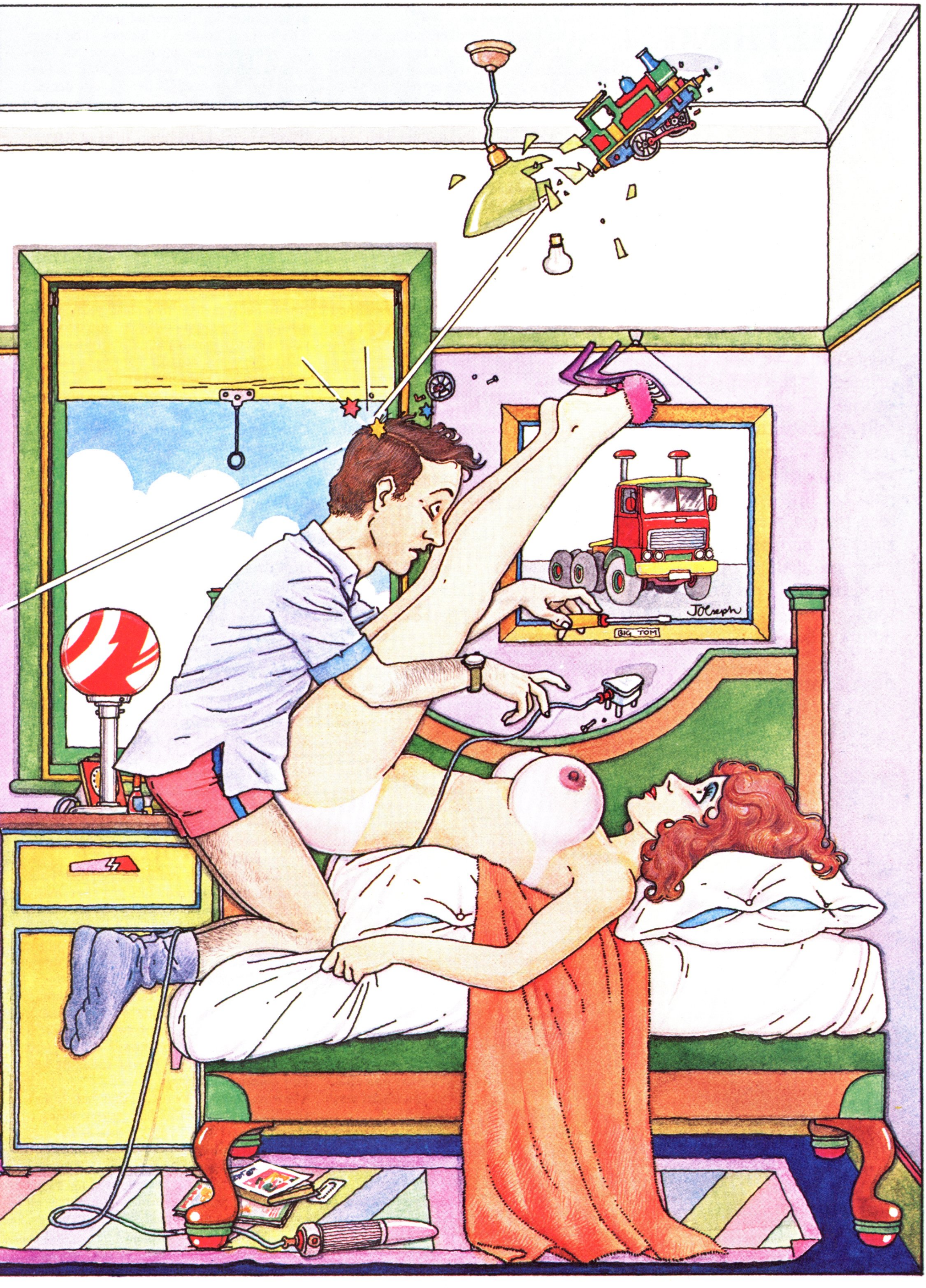


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT


JOseph
BIG TOM

SOMETHING BIG IS COMING YOUR WAY

Great news for everyone, because the December issue of *Mayfair* will be the biggest that we have ever printed. 180 pages of special Christmas cheer that's guaranteed to be just about the greatest and best value-for-money package that you've ever seen from a men's magazine. *Mayfair* has the largest readership of any men's magazine in Britain today and this 180-page bumper issue will show just why. For starters, there'll be no fewer than 10 fabulous girl sets, plus *Mayfair's* annual review of best birds. In addition to the girls, a sparkling helping of humour, features and fiction is lined up, as well as letters, Quest, reviews, cartoons and all other regular features. The price of this bumper bundle? A once-only 75p, which can't be bad for 180 pages. You'll easily recognise this special issue: just look for the distinctive square-backed binding. It'll be out on Wednesday, November 17, so order your copy now – they're going to sell very, very fast. 180 pages and 10 knockout girls. It's going to be a really great Christmas!

Letter to Cathy
continued from page 48

thanks do I get? A broken home, a black eye, and my good name being dragged through the slime in the local newspaper. Is that return commensurate with outlay?

I opened the door to find Mrs Wilkins standing there, wearing nothing but a bath towel. Now I assure you darling, that even though the towel didn't cover as much of Mrs Wilkins as some might deem proper, absolutely no carnal thoughts crossed my mind at this time, or at any other time. Now, Mrs Wilkins, as you know, is a divorcee, and is quite lost without her husband to do her little jobs for her. She had come down to ask me if I would mend the plug on her hair rollers. She had just taken a shower, hence her scantily clothed state, and had found that her roller set wasn't working. This request seemed quite innocent to me, as indeed it was, so I agreed to assist.

How could I refuse? Indeed, why should I? After all, we're all on this earth to help each other, and I could see no harm in the proposal. Mrs Wilkins is very highly regarded as a person and a friend, and I could not have imagined what the absurd consequences of this small request would be.

I followed her her up to her flat, and found, sure enough, that the plug on her roller set was slightly defective. Now of course, she had the roller set on her dressing room table in her bedroom – a further whim of Fate that turned circumstance against me. If it had been her kettle perhaps, or her electric toaster? If all this had taken place in her kitchen, I'm sure you would not have suspected the worst.

Some may say that my only mistake was not making sure that the door was shut. But I would say, nay, I had nothing to hide. Some may say that I was unlucky that you came home from work early, but I would say, 'Let the whole world see, my scruples will bear the weight of examination.'

As it was, when you heard a scream as you were coming up the stairs and rushed into Mrs Wilkins's flat, you found me on the bed, in a seemingly compromising position, with the young lady. I can understand what your first impression would have been, but let me say, here and now, that you were mistaken.

The scream you heard, was not Mrs Wilkins at all, but me. As you know, as an electrician, I leave a little to be desired, and as I plugged the rollers into the wall socket, I received a severe electric shock. I screamed and the shock sent me sprawling back onto the bed, at the same time ripping all the buttons off my shirt and giving my hair that dishevelled appearance that you claim was caused by Mrs Wilkins' affectations.

The young lady in question, obviously concerned for my welfare, and believing me to be dead, jumped to my rescue, and attempted to render the kiss of life. In her haste to come to my assistance, she had failed to notice that the towel had slipped off, thus giving her the appearance of nakedness. It was at this unfortunate moment in the whole unfortunate affair that you entered the room, and mistook appearances for the actual truth.

The rest, of course, is history. The tears, the rebukes, the insults, were all very traumatic for me of course, but I tempered my hurt with patience, and decided to wait for the flames of your wrath to abate, when you could reconsider the whole matter in the clear light of day.

I hope you realise that I have been very tolerant. Some men would say too tolerant. But I'm now prepared to forgive and forget. Please note that your brother is still free to walk the streets, despite his beer-crazed attack on my person, resulting in painful wounds inflicted to my right eye and nose, in front of dozens of onlookers. He would be behind bars now, where he belongs, (and where he was this time last year, if my memory serves me correctly . . . or was it your sister?) if it wasn't for my forgiving nature, and my respect for his loyalty to you, although misguided.

I think it's time now for all this nonsense to stop, and sanity to return. So please Cathy, won't you come home now, and we'll cover the whole thing up.

The aggrieved party,
your loving husband,
Harry.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Harry, March 9th

You miserable little worm.

How dare you.

If my brother ever sees you, he's going to reduce you to a pulp. If I ever see you again – and I pray I won't – *I'm* going to reduce you to pulp.

How anyone could sit down and write such a pack of lies is beyond me. Even me, after seven years of listening to your whining and wheedling, would not have believed that anyone was capable of writing such absolute garbage. My God, you're a creep Harry. And I say that in all sincerity.

On re-reading this filthy little document, I notice that there is some sort of feeble attempt at explaining away your tumble with that floozy upstairs, amidst all the snide references to my family. But I'll come to that later.

I'm sorry, oh I'm really sorry, that your good name's suffered. Oh yes that really breaks my heart. Until you got your picture in the local rag, and got branded as The Saucy Civil Servant from Surbiton, no one but me and the milkman even knew of your existence.

And as for that 'shoe box full of human excrement'. That was one of my mother's chocolate cakes, you rotten swine, that she'd sent to me for my birthday. Which you *forgot all about!* Which you spent in bed with *another woman!!*

A normal home? You call that hell hole I was living in for the last seven years a *normal home?* With *you??* How could any place you inhabit possibly be normal? What could possibly be tranquil about having a husband who thinks that all single women are beautiful and witty, and all wives are ugly and stupid? Where, oh where, is the peace of mind in that?

And as for my brother's 'attack' on you,

turn to page 56

Letter to Cathy

continued from page 50

those dozens of onlookers will bear testimony if necessary, that you tripped over the footpath trying to get away, as soon as you saw him coming. And it wasn't prison he was in, it was Borstal. Do you want me to tell that to the papers too, my dear brave Harry? You knocked yourself out trying to run away from a fifteen-year-old kleptomaniac with acne?

I dispute that you are the victim of Fate's practical joke. You *are* Fate's practical joke! On *me!!* I can see you now scribbling this letter hunched over a stained tablecloth, with a can of baked beans and a bent tin opener, two weeks' dirty laundry piled up in the corner, needing someone to cook your dinner for you with every fibre of your being, and making it sound like *you* forgive *me!* Oh you're too good Harry. Well suffer, baby, suffer!

I bet you had your dictionary open the whole time too. It must have taken you weeks to write. Well I've got news for you. 'Affectations' is *wrong!* The word you were looking for is affections. Which is also wrong! How about that, smarty pants?

But I must admit, your ingenuity amazes me. How anyone could dream up such a bizarre story I'll never know. Of course Harry, there are certain flaws. For instance, if it was you I heard screaming, as you got all those volts shooting up your arm, who were you yelling 'Get off, you lecher!' to? The plug? The adaptor? The electric particles?

And if you'd just been nailing up my cupboards, as you say, why were you wearing your best suit and a cravat?

Of course maybe I am, after all, being too hasty. Perhaps the electric shock you received was so severe, it blasted your braces off, which would explain why your trousers were round your ankles. And maybe you brought down that bottle of our best red wine to oil Mrs Wilkins' rollers. But it's the first time I've seen some one giving a corpse the kiss of life *from underneath!*

If you're waiting for my 'flames of wrath to abate' – *beautiful*, Harry, you should have been a poet – then you're going to have to wait a bloody long time. I know you, and I know Mrs Wilkins, and her 'appearance of nakedness' was not just an appearance, kiddo. She also happens to be highly regarded as a person and a friend by the local artillery regiment, as you and I both know.

It is kind of you to be so magnanimous, look that up in your dictionary, but I don't think your scruples will bear the weight of anything any more. I'm prepared to concede that yours was a sin of intent only, and could not have gone much further before your hernia – shall I let the reporters have that little gem too? – called a halt to the proceedings. However, truth be told, I've had enough.

If I could forget, which I won't, or forgive, which I never will, there would still be a barrier between us. I'm not coming back till you get rid of that train set.

The aggrieved party,

Cathy.

Working the Windbag

continued from page 35

twenty,' offered to cure any known ailment from the common cold to cancer. But I mustn't underrate the quack's performance: he had the gift (if so it can be styled), also possessed by the modern ad-man, of making even the healthiest individual feel a vitamin deficiency. Ten minutes spent listening to his full discourse (based on nothing more than rudimentary facts gleaned from an incomplete set of 'Home Doctor' fag cards) and you were convinced that death was staring you in the face. His doom-laden prognostications were powerfully reinforced by the regulation quack uniform of white laboratory coat and heavy horn-rimmed glasses. These simple props created an illusion of scientific know-how which was curiously little diminished by down-at-heel shoes, grimy finger-nails and a villainous countenance.

Gus went about his business with an air of superb detachment; even Ernie's purple-faced, thunderous reprobation of the Pope, Royalty and the licensing laws left him unmoved. He set his suitcase upon the stand and opened it with a flourish. Such was his mien that had a pterodactyl flown out one would not have been overly surprised, but the contents appeared prosaic in the extreme: about two hundred rectangular, white, paper packages; each measuring around 3 inches by 2½ inches by 1 inch and completely indistinguishable from one another. These were the 'windbags'; so called because they contained nothing but air.

With a series of grandiose gestures, each carefully calculated, Gus captured attention and gathered around himself a highly curious entourage. In the main, his exaggerated actions consisted of whisking a number of five pound notes (the large, old-fashioned, white ones) from a well-stuffed wallet, brandishing them aloft and announcing in his best Ronald Colman style: 'Fivers on sale here today; just a tusheroon each.' (A 'tusheroon' was two shillings and sixpence, or 'half a dollar' in pre-decimalisation currency.) Such a startling offer was bound to command attention if not credulity, so it was small wonder that the somewhat disgusting talents of the watch swallower and escapologist should rapidly be deserted in favour of, if not exactly something for nothing, at least the implication of pretty staggering gain.

DO NOT DISTURB

Gus had it all timed to perfection: Ernie, having finally roared himself hoarse in a paroxysm of rage directed against the Archbishop of Canterbury, the 'fox-hunting clique' and his arch-enemy, the Temperance Society, retired to refurbish his vocal cords in the nearby boozer, while the ragged-arsed electronics wizard, having succeeded in selling a wired cocoa tin to some passer-by, had immediately blown the proceeds on a bottle of meths and descended into the bogs for a period of merciful oblivion. On reflection, the sale of a cocoa tin occurred so regularly each day shortly after noon that it seems likely Gus financed the deal himself, for with the disappearance of both Ernie and the poor man's Marconi, Gus had the unrestricted use of three pitches, and could gather a really large crowd, which was essential for his particular line of business. With all eyes upon him, Gus produced five watches from his pocket, wrapped each one in a five pound note with majestic deliberation, then ostentatiously made up another five rectangular packages just like the 'windbags' in his case, except that each of the new ones contained a fiver and a watch. He began his spiel.

'Right, gentlemen, I'm about to give you, the sporting citizens of Brummagem, the chance to make some fast money. In this case are one hundred and ninety-five packets, each containing sweet FA, but now I add five more, each containing a fine watch wrapped up in a fiver.' He matched actions to his words and stirrred the packets around, although doubtlessly keeping a sharp eye on the position of the loaded ones; anyway, the weight would tell him as soon as he touched one. He continued.

'I am now about to offer each and every one of these packets for sale at half a dollar a time. Consider the odds, gentlemen; they are very much in your favour. True, only five of the two hundred packets contain anything but a fragrant puff of wind – that's 40 to 1 against the purchaser at the start – but five lucky punters are on to getting a fiver for half a dollar – that's 40 to 1 in the opposite direction; and don't forget the bonus of fine, precision time-pieces thrown in. Now, my friends, if you find the mathematical odds not to your liking, please consider the other odds which are wholly in your favour: *by law*, gentlemen, I am obliged to offer each and every one of these packages for sale. If I did not do so, my business would be looked upon as fraudulent – and rightly so. Yes, my friends, I have to offer each and every one; *but you are not obliged to buy. You* can be selective. Go for the ones you think are loaded and reject those you think are empty. All packets I fail to sell will be placed here in the lid of my case to avoid confusion. Think, gentlemen: as soon as I handle a packet, the weight informs me what it contains. Study my face; look closely into my eyes; watch for the trembling of my hand; try to read my

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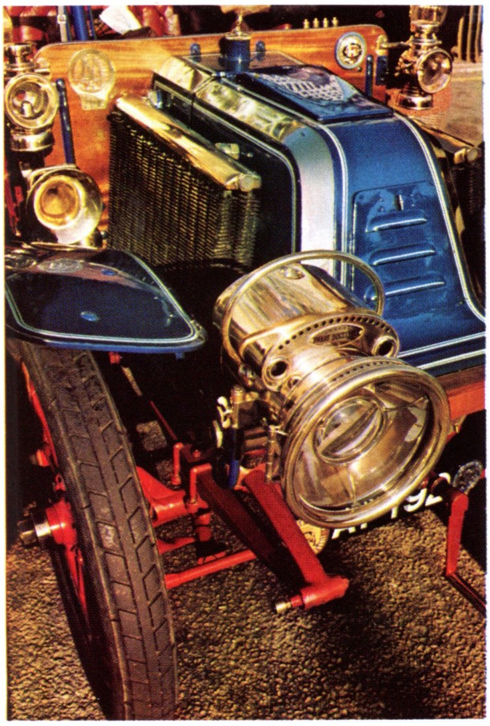
V.C.C.
1903
RAC
129
RENAULT
A 306
De Dion Bouton

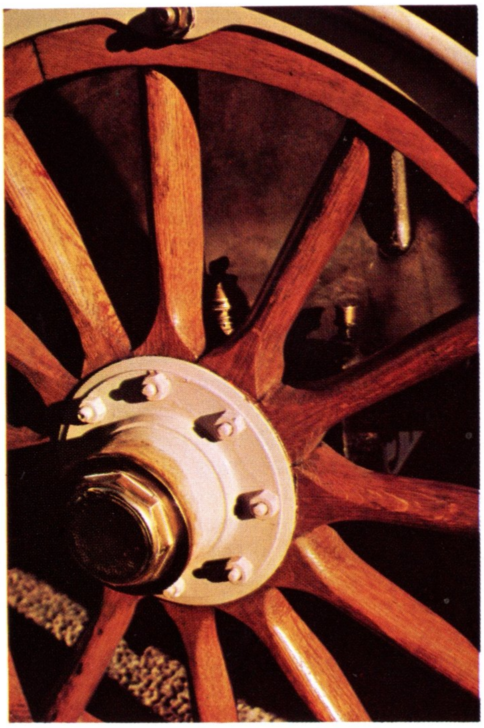
The Brighton Run: an 80-years-young cavalcade of living motor history

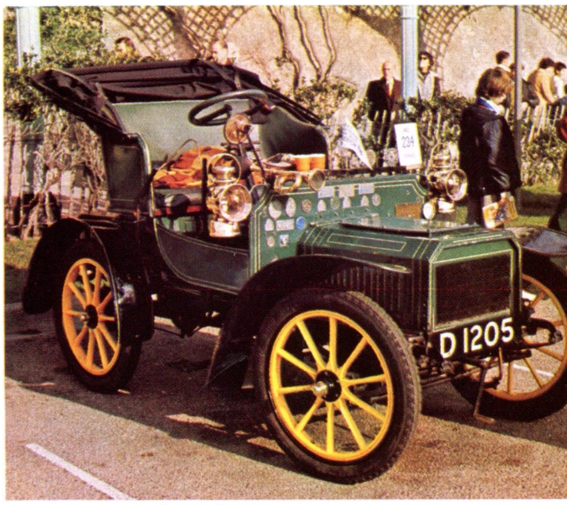
PEDIGREE PILGRIMS

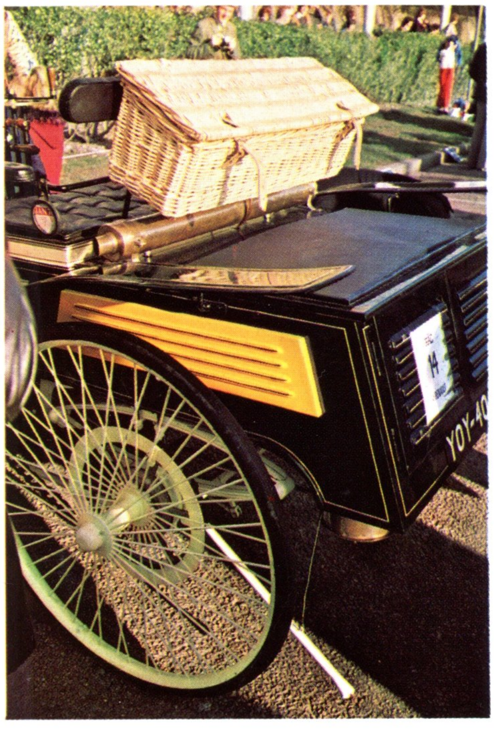
Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland









Every November it takes place on the Sunday that precedes Armistice Day. It can be misty, it often rains, it is invariably cold. But this does not stop some 250 horseless carriages from setting out to make the pilgrimage from Hyde Park to the Madeira Drive at Brighton, roughly

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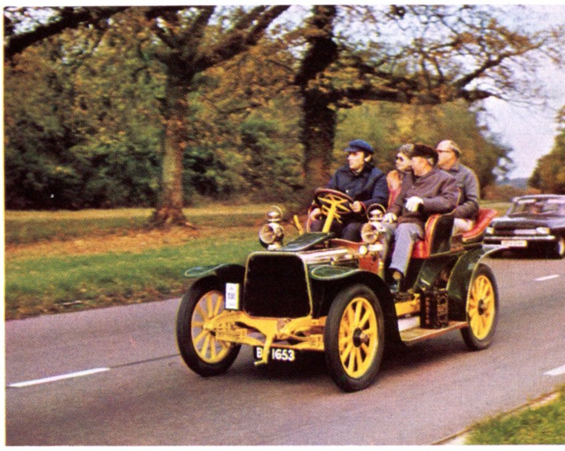
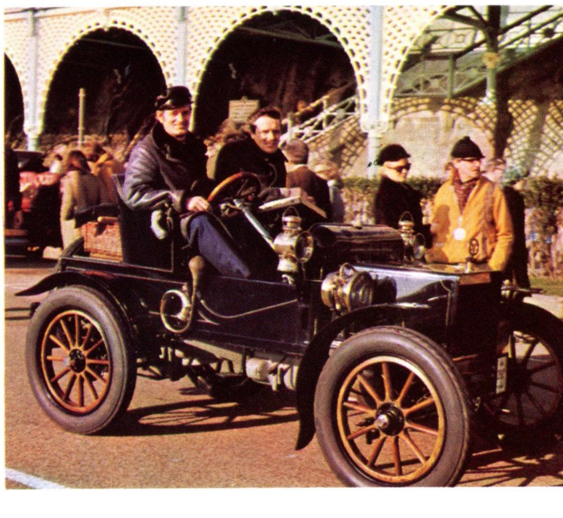
The photographs on these and the following pages were taken at last year's London to Brighton Commemoration Run, known as 'The Brighton' to all veteran car enthusiasts. Main picture, opposite page: a 1903, single-cylinder, 8 hp, De Dion Bouton tonneau. This page, top left: a 1903, 2-cylinder, 10 hp Renault tonneau. Top centre: solid-tyred, artillery-type wheel. Top right: a 6½ hp, single-cylinder, 1904 Humberette two-seater. Right, centre: a 12 hp, 2-cylinder, 1904 Barracq tonneau. Right, bottom: a two-seater, 8 hp, single-cylinder Rover of 1904. Left, bottom: an 1898 Benz dog-cart of 1-cylinder and 3½ hp.





between the hours of 8 am and 4 pm. Those taking part come from all over Europe and from America to undertake this journey. Although I have a hunch that no one has counted them, the RAC which organises this great cavalcade of pioneer motoring so impeccably every year for the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain, estimates that the spectators number millions.

Any child watching this essentially English form of motoring chastisement might well laugh instead of applauding. Because they would be seeing vehicles unlike anything they associate with a motor car. On these strange contrivances they would see oddly garbed drivers and their crews – deer-stalker hats topped by goggles, enormous, fur-lined, ankle-length motor-coats, Sidcot suits which have survived the RFC stretched round portly figures (I have been told that in my 'Brighton' attire I resemble the Michelin Man), or girls lonely in the dreaded forecar of a motor-cycle-like machine.

The Brighton Veteran Car Run is an astonishing sight and an occasion that no genuine enthusiast wants to miss. The accompanying photographs catch the atmosphere of this quite unique occasion – and may I express my thanks to the RAC for co-operating with Andrew Morland and making these beautiful pictures possible. And what vehicles they are! The famous ones perhaps show some resemblance to what our fathers remember as motor-cars. Engines up front, pneumatic tyres, shaft-drive, and a gearbox, although the latter will be of the 'crash' variety, its gears engaged with a quadrant instead of a gated lever. Only one or two such veterans – all Brighton

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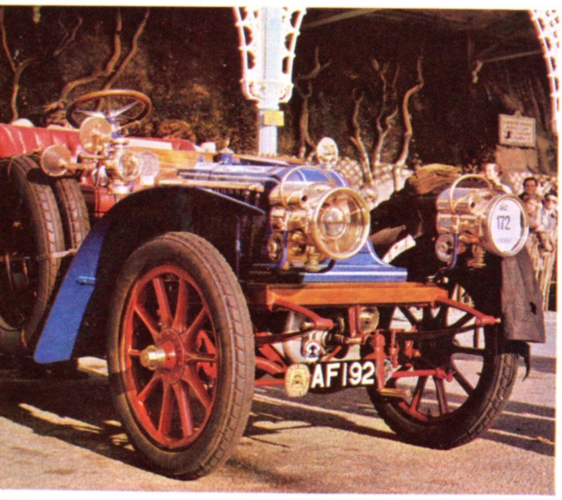
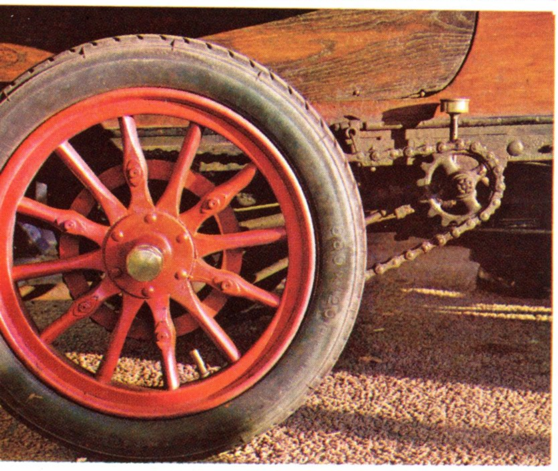
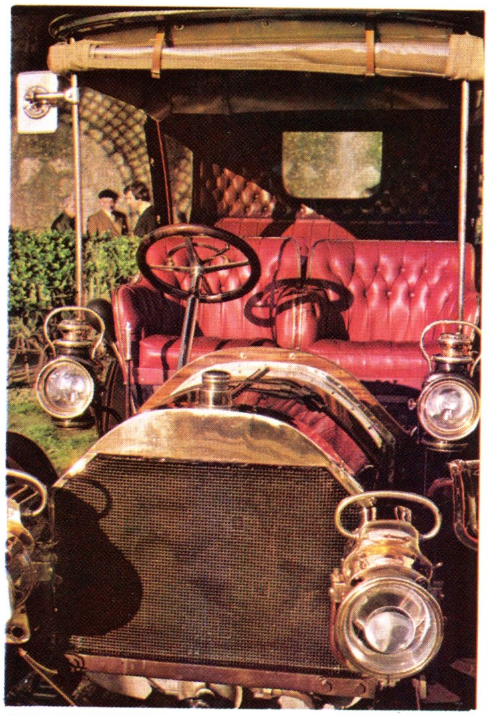
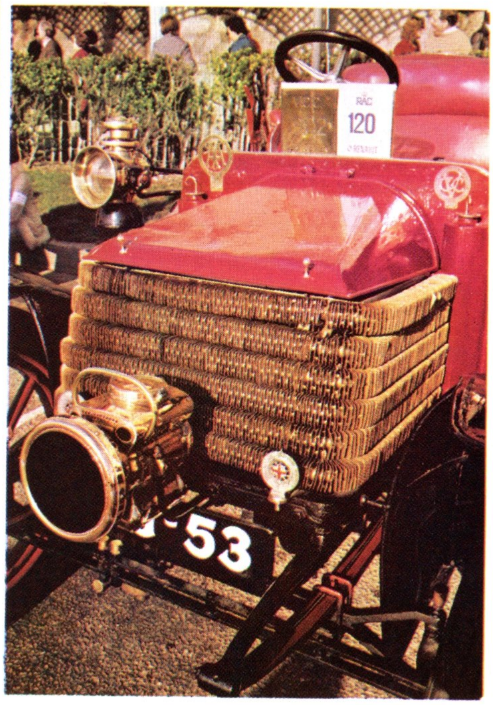
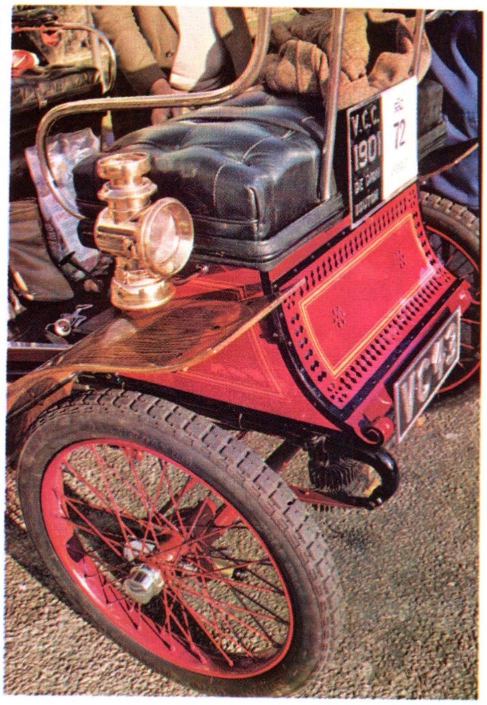


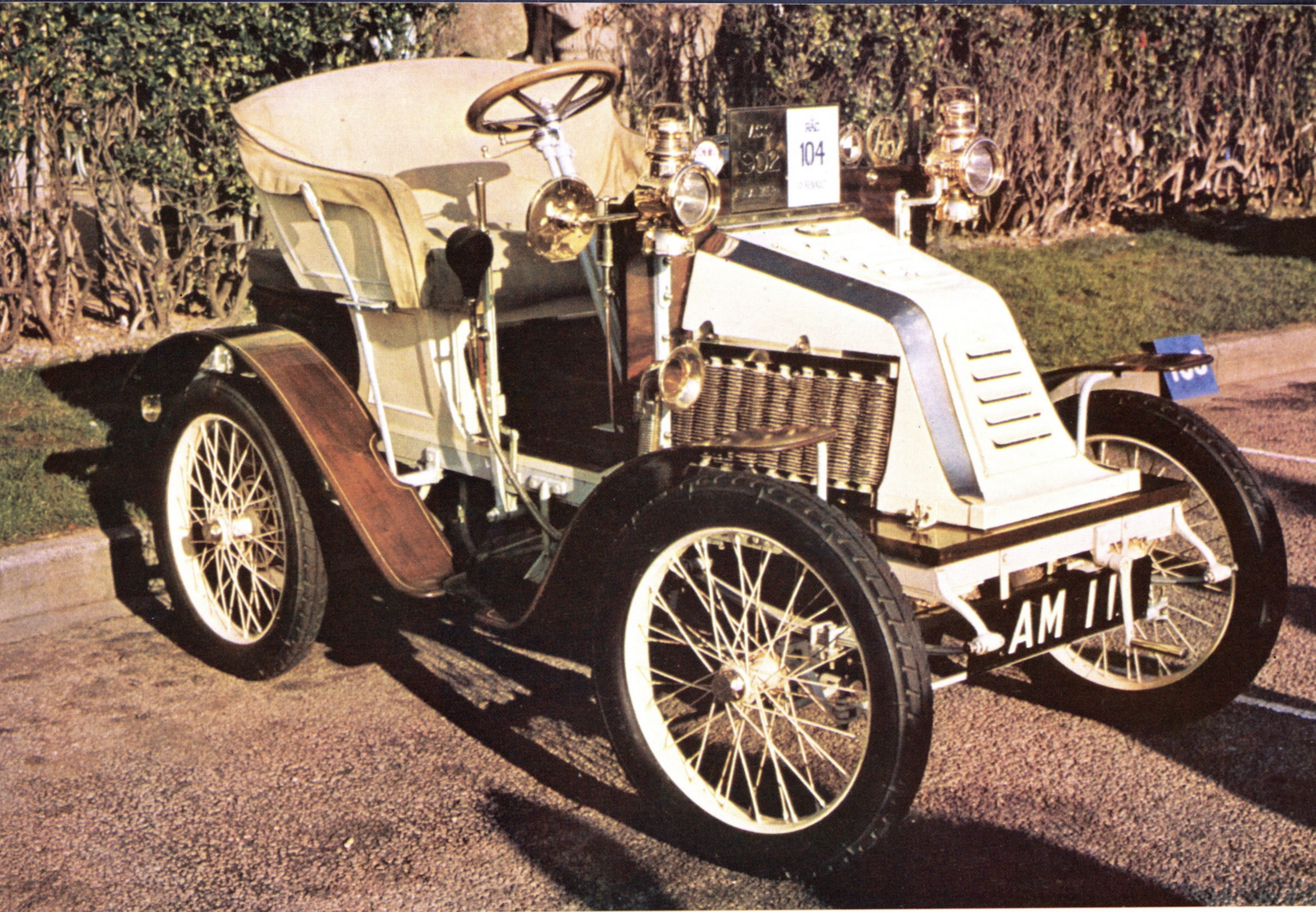








Competitors who arrive punctually at Brighton are presented with a souvenir medal, a replica of one given to the Emancipation Day runners of 1896. Main pictures, opposite page, top: a 5 hp, single-cylinder, 1902 Hanzer two-seater. Bottom: a 1902 Mercedes sports two-seater of 4-cylinders and 25/28 hp. This page, left, top: the 10 hp Renault tonneau, pictured also on previous page. Above: miscellaneous chain-driven competitor. Top right: a 1903 Berliet closed swing-seat tonneau. Bottom right: a $4\frac{1}{2}$ hp, single-cylinder De Dion Bouton of 1901. Right: a 1902, 10 hp Wolseley.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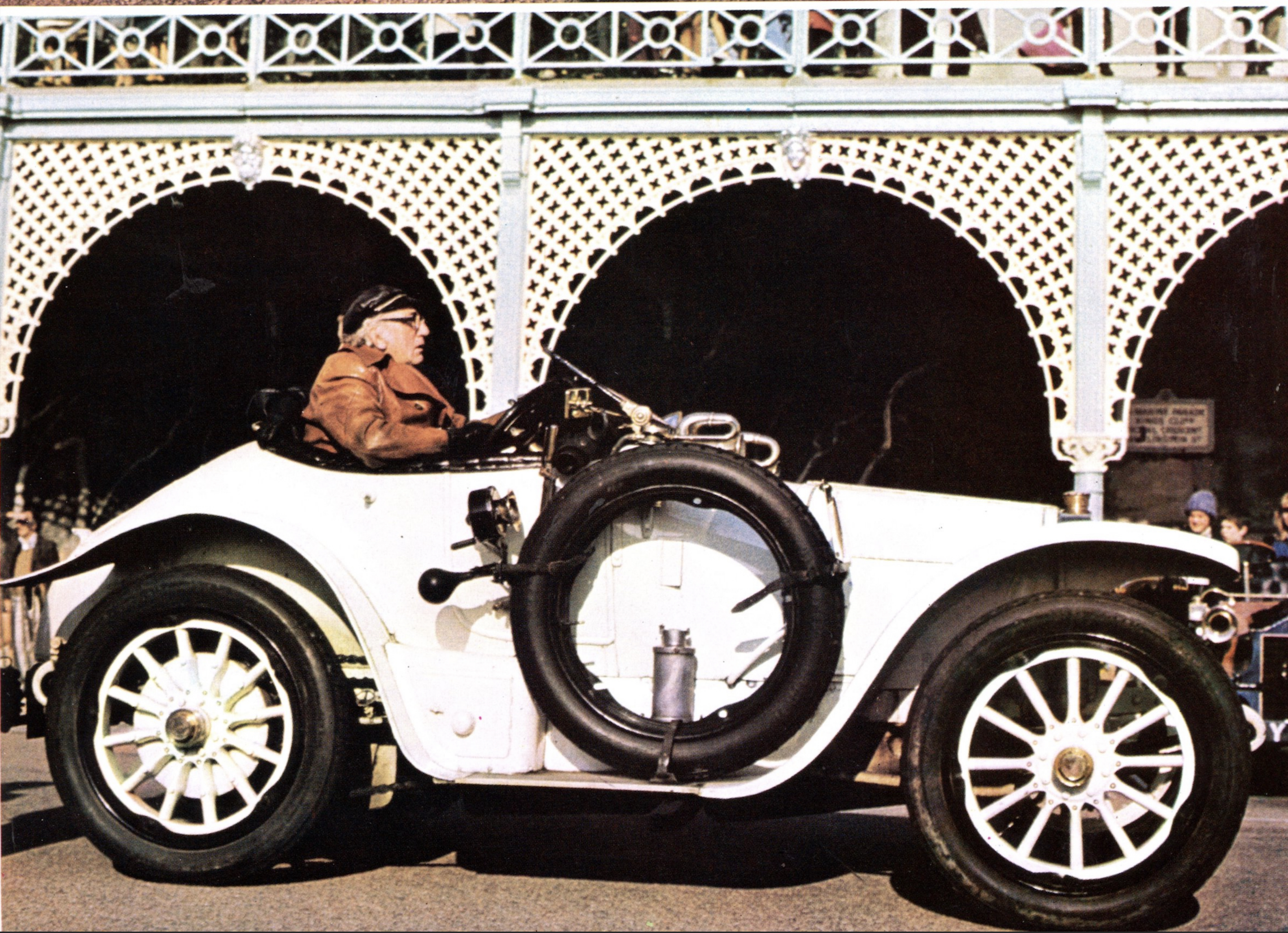

Pedigree Pilgrims

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entries have to be older than 1905 – will have closed bodywork, all of them will exhibit far more polished brass and copper than you have seen moving on the roads for years. If these precious motoring heirlooms have to travel after dark they will have their candle, oil, or gas-lamps lit – ask John Bolster, who for years has driven his 1903 Panhard back to Kent after completing this epic November journey. A man may be observed pedalling furiously to get his motor-tricycle up a modest hill.

There will be cars like horse-drawn buggies, steered by tiller; those with engines concealed and all the occupants facing one another, some with coal-scuttle bonnets concealing single-cylinder engines; and the Sunbeam Mabley will have its wheels off-set most alarmingly in two separate tracks and a sofa body above them. Some will be mighty beasts. The Mercedes, the big Mors, the better Panhard-Levassors, such will on 'Brighton Sunday' be the Kings of the Road, good for a cruising speed of anything from 40–60 mph. Others will be scarcely-moving, high-perched on enormous spidery wheels, relics of the horse age, dating back to the last century. Sometimes the sun shines. Then it is a day to be out watching, taking pictures, seeing just how the modern saloon evolved, through the enthusiasm and determination, of the pioneer autocarists.

Why do some 800 or more people go out on this Run every November? Why not on the warmer summer days? For two very good reasons. First, they are celebrating the first Emancipation Run of 1896, when regulations hampering the motor car were eased. Second, to hold the Run in the summer, when all the World are coastward bound would be impractical.

So off we go every November, after Lord Montagu's Brighton-breakfast if we are so fortunate, to face the worst the weather can fling at us, in these slow, crude, difficult to drive motors that are mostly completely devoid of weather protection – unless there happens to be a carriage umbrella stowed in a wicker basket for this very purpose. To make your successful arrival, and be greeted by Brighton's Lord Mayor if you are early enough – otherwise, after 4 pm, you are too late for a medal – you will in many cases need a working knowledge of the vagaries of automatic inlet valves, the temperament of the trembler coil, and you will pray that your high-pressure, beaded-edge tyres won't burst. All manner of sounds will be heard as the groups of veterans are dispatched from Hyde Park, from shrill exhaust whistles to the chatter of atmospherically-lifted valves.

The real Emancipation Day Run is clouded now by the mists of time. It brought to this country men who believed implicitly in the future of the motor car. On that foggy November 14, 80 long years ago, autocarists avid with their new-found freedom (the open road speed-limit just raised from 4 to 12 mph) set out on the journey from the Hotel Metropole in London to the Hotel Metropole in Brighton. Horse-lovers were furious as these petrol-consuming vehicles, from racing Panhard-Levassor cars to a tiny parcels van, turf-turfed and backfired in defiance of them. The results do not matter very much. What was important was that these horseless vehicles – the Canstatt Daimlers, the Arnold Motor Carriage, the little Bollée tri-cars and the Beeston motor-tricycle – were making their way to the coast.

In 1927 two newspapers thought up the stunt of asking owners of aged motors to re-enact the event. The rules were lax, dating of the competitors casual, the comic element all too prevalent. But 51 cars, none less than 20 years old, were dug out for this exercise, at a time when new cars were cheap, old ones had absolutely no historic value, and no clubs had been formed to encourage their revival. Some of these decrepit motors were actually still in service, as garage hacks, delivery vans and the like. Others, at the behest of the *Daily*

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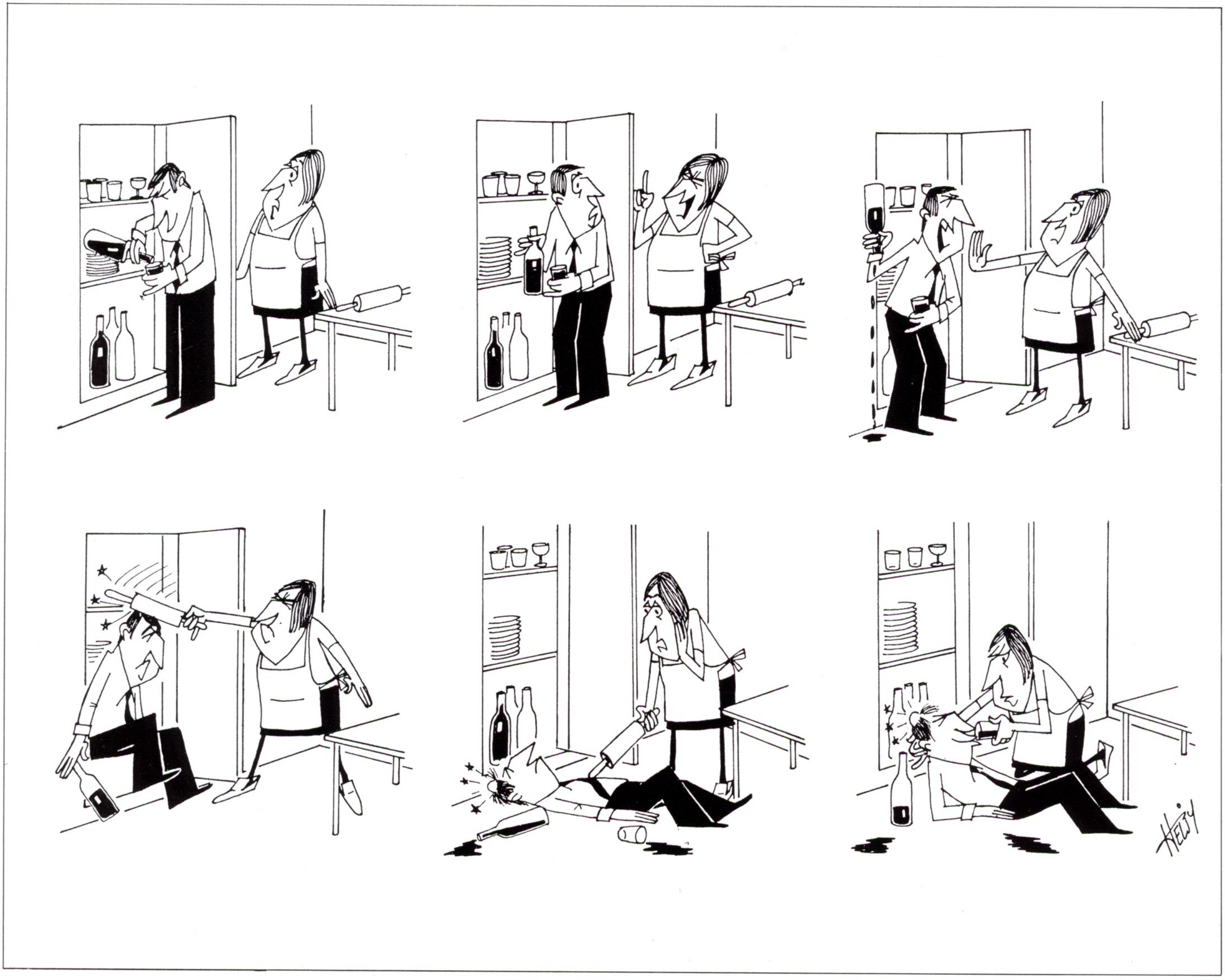

Pedigree Pilgrims

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Sketch and *Sunday Graphic*, whose idea this 'Old Crocks' run was, were dragged out of chicken runs, brought from behind hedges after trees growing through them had been felled, rolled from farmers' barns where they had gone to rest decades ago, and somehow were persuaded to function again. The thing was seen as fun, a new kind of motor sport. Soon racing drivers, who were the playboys of the 1920s, wanted to join in, and made it known that they would pay £5 for a veteran, instead of the more customary 30 shillings.

The Autocar took over the organisation and in 1930 the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain and Ireland was formed at a meeting in the Metropole at Brighton, to encourage the finding and running of cars thought to have been made before 1905.

Like everything else that is worthwhile, the thing snowballed. Entries for the Run increased. The RAC came in to organise it. Prices of veteran cars swelled, Dick Nash sold them from his so-called International Horseless Carriage Corporation, Inc, at Brooklands Track – he also repaired TV sets and flew ancient aeroplanes there, from 1936 onwards. But this Brighton Run remained for some time a purely British institution. Since then, the old car cult has spread around the world. You can scarcely find a sound Brighton-car today, let alone acquire one, unless you have a big gold bar in the Bank. (At Christie's July sale £18,000 was bid for a Mercedes-Benz that was 30 years too young to be allowed anywhere near the Hyde Park starting line on Brighton Sunday.)

Formerly high adventure for oil-grimed enthusiasts, the 'Brighton' has tended to become the social occasion, with the wealthy anxious to be seen at the wheel of ever bigger and better (or older) veterans, journalists and TV on hand to capture it all. Trailers follow the valuable vehicles to whisk them away afterwards; transporters with modern cars on their backs are not uncommon, proof that the Brighton Run is for once a year. It is still a great adventure, to go down to the sea on a veteran, but it has somehow changed, from the uncertainty and sheer hard slog of former days.

I know, because I have done it fairly often. In 1936, when I rose with the aforesaid Dick Nash, on a little 1900 Peugeot with enormous candle side lamps, he warned me to dress as if I were lying permanently beneath a broken-down car: in fact, we had a pretty uneventful journey. The next year I went with the then Secretary of the VCC, the late Captain Wylie. We were perched on his 1898 Hurtu, a Benz-crib primitive with a sort of one-cylinder horizontal gas-engine in the back, with exposed big end (really, you oiled it from a can), and transmission of power (*sic*) to its pram-like, solid-tyred wheels by flat belts. Wylie was anxious to get to Brighton, because Jean Batten, the aviator, was the Guest of Honour at the VCC dinner and had been sent down in the Captain's chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce. Somewhere in the wilds of the country the inlet valve fell onto the piston and the Hurtu stopped. Disaster indeed! But by a sheer miracle I contrived to prod it back into place and insert the cotter pin into its minute hole with a pair of pliers. 'Boddy', said Wylie, 'I knew you were a journalist; I did not know you were also a skilled engineer'. It was a repair no-one could do again in a month of Brighton Sundays and I can't even decoke an Austin Seven.

There have been other Brightons memorable for me. Going in a splendid 1902 Lanchester that rode and was equipped like a ship, driven by George Lanchester himself, who went so fast that we were disqualified. Sitting under the pram-hood of a tiny De Dion Bouton in an all-day downpour. Making it in a 10 hp Wolseley with bee-hive radiator and the owner's Jaguar behind us, so that its chauffeur could undertake any dirty adjustments necessary. Making it, fast, with Lord Montagu, in a veritable sports car of a 1903 Sixty Mercedes, because he is a skilled driver of veterans and had to act as host at his traditional Brighton cocktail party. Thrice persuading the National Motor Museum's 6 hp 1904 Brushmobile to do the full journey, even at a speed up hills that obstructed the accompanying bicyclists. Failing to so much as get out of London in the same Museum's 1903 5 hp Humberette in 1960 (flat battery), but coaxing a very tricky 1898 Decauville *voiturette* as far as Redhill, before it seized up. I recall that one because Lord Montagu had me take a coach driver as passenger, as a reward for taking lots of people to Beaulieu, and that gentleman poured scorn on the vast layers of clothing I put on before we set out. His laugh had faded in the first few miles, when he discovered that his fingers were so frozen he couldn't light a cigarette . . .

I have had a nice journey down, waving to the kids as if I were a Royal, in the Beaulieu 1903 De Dion Bouton, which for years was the estate hack, and on a quicker twin-cylinder Panhard-Levassor. I have sampled a true primitive in the guise of an 1899 3½ hp Benz, which reminded me of the Hurtu I was on 33 years earlier. There have been other veterans to drive or ride on and one year, for a change, I went down the day before and stayed with my wife in a very posh hotel so that we could be at the finish – where the chap with the mike asks the arrivals how they got on – before the first veteran, usually Davenport's Progress Voiturette, reached Brighton. Very restful, but nothing like as much fun . . .

Postscript: The term 'Old Crock' must never be used these days – say it to a veteran-car owner and you stand in very great danger of assault! All the runners in the 'Brighton' are now properly dated, by a wizard of early motor history, Dennis Field. If you go to watch this year, for St Christopher's sake give the veterans all the room you can, and more. They have good, but not modern brakes, and their dumb-irons can make short work of your modern car if they run into it. But do go, and enjoy it, for it's a unique spectacle.

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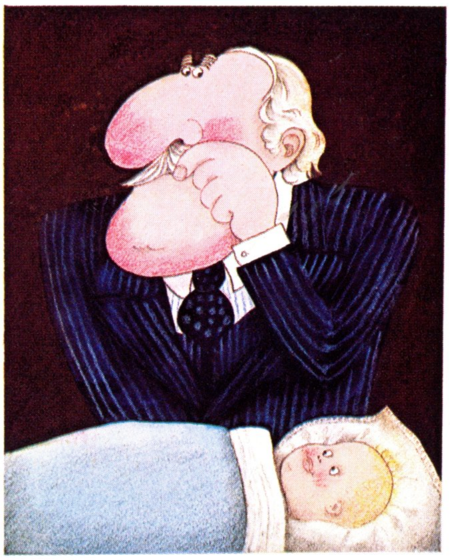
Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The squire returned unexpectedly early from the hunt and was met at the door by the butler.

'Where is my wife?' asked the squire.

'Well, she's in bed with the gardener, sir,' replied the butler.

'Ah-ha! Just as I suspected,' roared the squire, and taking a sword from the wall, he stormed upstairs.

The butler heard a blood-curdling scream, and when the master came downstairs, the cool, detached butler asked if there was anything the master required.

'Yes,' said the squire, 'a bandage for the gardener and a corkscrew for madam.'

A British couple were on holiday in Spain when the husband was suddenly rushed to hospital with an appendicitis and was promptly operated upon.

The following day when his wife came to visit him she was amazed to see him in bed with only a tiny Elastoplast on his stomach, but with huge bandages covering his head and groin.

'Oh my God,' cried his bewildered wife, 'What on earth happened to you?'

'Well,' explained the husband from beneath his bandages, 'the surgeon performed such a perfect operation that the theatre team awarded him the ears and tail.'

It was pouring with rain and the young man was desperate for a room in the only hotel in town. 'Sorry,' said the receptionist, 'but we're fully booked.' A married couple who were guests overheard and felt so sorry for the young man that they decided he could stay the night with them.

At about midnight, as the young man lay between the couple, the woman turned to him and said: 'Make love to me.'

'What about your husband?'

'Oh, pluck a hair from his bottom to see if he's asleep.' This he did and the husband didn't stir, so he filled her request. At about two o'clock the woman woke again and the same thing happened, with the young man pulling a hair from the husband's rear. And again at four o'clock. When the young man tried it at six, the husband sat up and said: 'I don't mind you screwing my wife, but stop using my arse as a scoreboard.'

The retired colonel was relaxing in his favourite armchair when the hospital telephoned him to inform him that his new and nubile young wife had produced a baby boy. Elated, he ordered the maid from his lap, put down his brandy and had the chauffeur drive him to the hospital, where he blustered right in, kissed his wife and looked at the new baby. Turning from the baby to the nurse he asked her to have the baby circumcised. 'Oh, there's plenty of time for that, sir,' she explained.

The colonel was most insistent, however and so the nurse promised to have the boy done the next day. 'And when he's been circumcised,' ordered the colonel, 'give him a tot of brandy.'

'Brandy?' queried the nurse, aghast. 'We can't possibly do that.'

'Look here, nurse,' boomed the colonel, 'every male member of our family has been circumcised straight after birth, then given a tot of brandy – and my son is going to follow in the family tradition. Do you understand?'

The following day the colonel visited the hospital again and when he burst in, his wife was in the middle of feeding her newborn.

'Hello, nurse. Has the boy been circumcised?' asked the colonel.

'Yes, sir.'

'Has he had a tot of brandy?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ahhh,' sighed the colonel, 'a real Digby-Jones that boy, a true son of mine – a bellyful of brandy, a sore prick, and a mouthful of tit.'

A prim and proper young lady moved into a new neighbourhood and being an avid bun-eater she tried out the local cake shops. The first was no good at all – dirty and with a very coarse owner.

The second shop was the opposite – clean and with attractive young men serving. During the times she visited the shop she noticed that the men had a loop of string around their neck which disappeared down their shirt fronts.

Overcome by curiosity she asked one of the men the purpose of the string. 'Well, madam, we are very careful about cleanliness here and so when we go to the loo, all we have to do is unzip, pull on the string and out it pops – no hands, no germs.'

'Oh, I see, very clever,' said the young lady, 'but may I enquire how do you get it back in?'

'Ah, madam, the tongs, the tongs . . .'

Have you heard about the village idiot who thought he'd found a way of beating the drought? He tried diluting the water.

An American major oil executive was inspecting a remote cottage in the Highlands of Scotland with a view to renting it for weekends away from Aberdeen.

So far he had found the house real cute, ideal for his purpose, and then he asked about the whereabouts of the loo. The owner took him to the back door, pointed to a shanty on the hillside and explained that it was only an earth closet. The oil man went to inspect it. After his inspection he walked back to the house and said to the old Scot: 'There's no key in the door.'

'Don't worry about that,' replied the Highlander, 'I've been here 40 years and I've never lost a single bucket.'

A young girl who was no good at tennis,
But at swimming was really a menace,
Took pains to explain,
'It depends how you train:
'I was a street-walker in Venice.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

When you're thirty-five years old with a wife and three children that you can hardly afford to support, the inviting looks you get from a sexy and apparently available eighteen-year-old can seem almost too good to be true

Thirty Five Plus Eighteen Equals Sex?

Fiction by Mike George

Until that moment, John Nolan had been an averagely successful, probably bored, married, middle piece example of a British male ticking over in neutral. Then he saw a friend edging towards him through the cocktail party throng leading a stunningly attractive girl by the arm. If Nolan had been in a Tom and Jerry cartoon just then his eyeballs would have turned into treble clefs. He had been hit. 'Across a crowded room . . . some enchanted evening . . . once you have found her . . . Christ . . . never . . . let . . . her . . . go'.

'John, I don't believe you've met Susan Marshall, have you?'

'No, I don't believe I have had the pleasure. How do you do?'

Her hand was in his. He knew that it was happening and that in a flash it was over, but he felt as though he was hypnotised and that her warmth would forever continue to wash over him.

'Hallo,' he croaked.

John Nolan was thirty-five. With her firm and confident little handshake this eighteen year old girl had unwittingly proffered to him the key to a golden gate, a gate which would shimmer before him unremittingly until fateful opportunity afforded him his turn at its lock. It was a gate beyond which lay sylvan pathways and, he felt very sure – a valley of considerable happiness.

He was thirty-five.

She was eighteen. God. Only six years older than his own daughter. When he was forty-five she would be only twenty-eight. Could he possibly delude himself that she, too, had felt the silent bursting of his star shell? Should he allow himself to think that she, too, had felt her pulses race and was now as keenly aware of him as he was of her? Was it some teenage beauty aid or was that really a glint in her eye? Certainly she was a stunning and vivacious girl, but did that explain the excited darting of her pupils? Although she was only eighteen did that make the supposition so absurd, that she might reciprocate this enormous attraction which he was feeling now? If she did and they succumbed to the situation's inevitable conclusion, he would be forty-five while she would still only be twenty-eight when the joyous result of their union was nine years old. When he then became fifty-five, the child would be the same age as the mother was now. And at *sixty*--five (he hoped while still active) she would be forty-eight and their first born almost thirty. It could work. It would work. It *would*. Why in heaven's name shouldn't it? He'd get his name in lights up there with US Admiral Tate and his Russian film star daughter, yet.

These rapid thought processes convinced him then and there that thirty-five-year-old men should seek out and marry eighteen year old girls. If their disadvantage was immaturity – then seek out a sophisticated one with a thirst for self-improvement.

And a body.

And long, natural blonde hair and green eyes and gorgeous limbs and an exquisitely elegant carriage and a compelling, well modulated voice and nice handwriting, as well – just for good measure. And self assurance, awareness, kindliness and fun. And a little piece of ruthlessness. And on your side. With money.

Once upon a time, long ago, he thought that he had fallen in love at first sight. Since then his cynicism and numerous flings had proved that he had, in fact, never known true love before. Nor even ever instant *wham*. Until now. And this girl Susan . . .

This Susan, who was now smiling at him and offering him a menthol cigarette. Managing to remain apparently calm, he fumbled one genteely forth from the proffered pack and then struck a match. Flourishing away the initial phosphorescent fumes he applied the flame carefully for her as she leaned forward and held back her golden hair with the backs of her fingers.

It took a second or two before she then showed him what just at that moment he so passionately desired to know. There was just the merest flicker as her downcast eyes glanced up into his. But for two people it was sufficient. She had acknowledged more than just the light from his match. She exhaled. Then she surveyed him, apparently archly, over the bridge of her nose.

It would occur between them.

They had only to wait now for social gestation to prepare their opportunity. They were committed to each other. Either party could renege on the deal. But, all things being equal, it was unlikely that any two humans fortunate enough to receive such signals from above would tease, or abuse or disregard such an enviable state of affairs.

Nolan knew that he wouldn't.

And despite her tender years he was pretty certain that Susan Marshall wouldn't, either.

But he was still married to Evelyn and had three children whom he could hardly afford to feed and clothe as it was. And like motor cars, mistresses, however undemanding, still needed money to run.

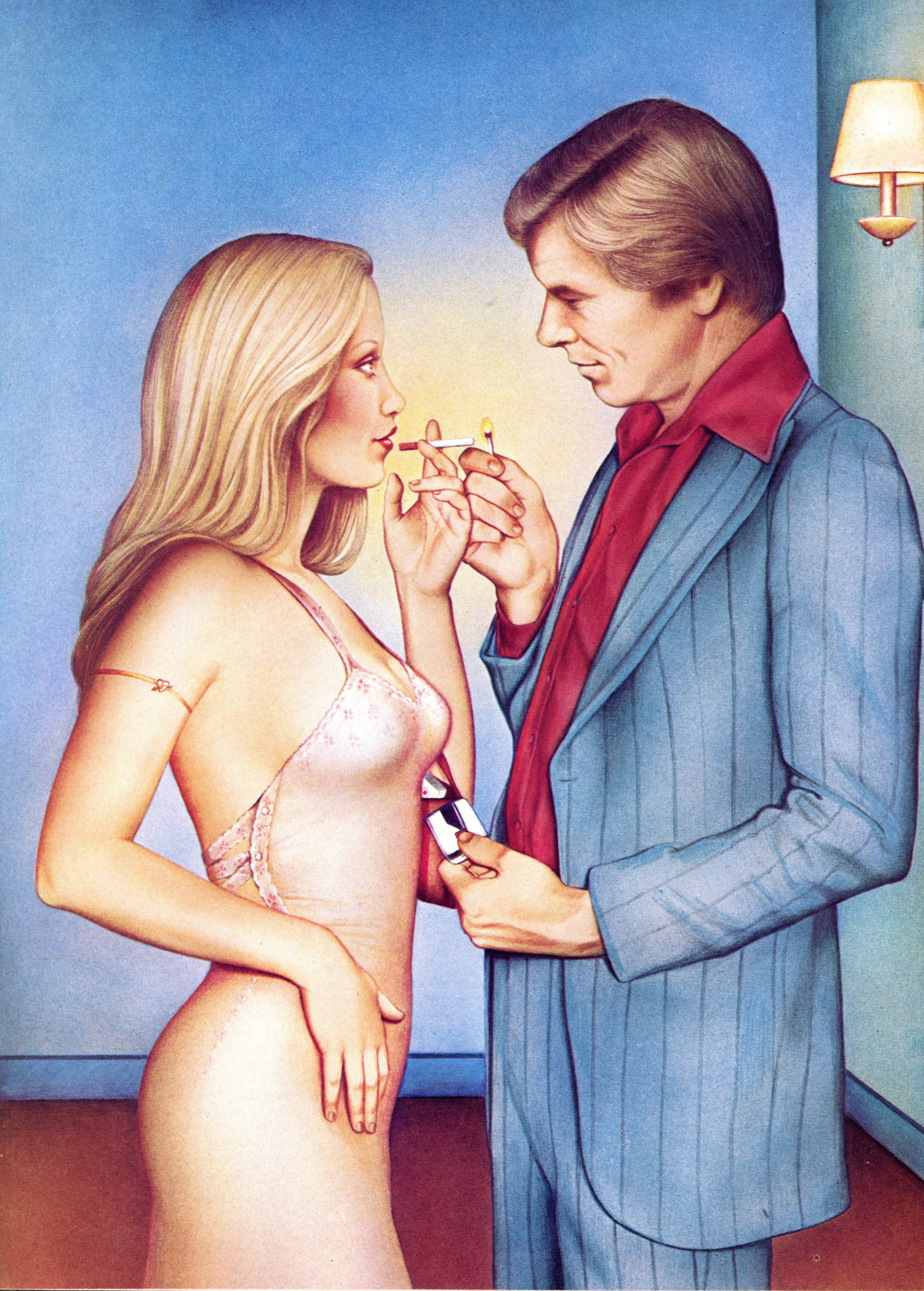
John Nolan's chest heaved with the silent anguish of a marriage that was not so bad he could kick it in its teeth and start afresh but a marriage that was really only a 13½% job. He would not be so disconsolate if he could manage even a 20% return from it. Damn it – some people managed 80% and even 90% on theirs. That luck-charmed minority glowed and throbbed and laughed and progressed and achieved . . . oh, the hell with it. *Why* hadn't he waited? Why? Why? Why? He'd saddled himself with a Morris Minor for the journey round the Nürburgring of Life. Now he realised that if only he had waited he could probably well have managed a Ferrari, as well as the gas to put in it. But now he was lumbered with his Morris and could only glimpse the Ferraris as they flashed past – or, thinking that he was one of them, spoke to him in the pits before, realising that he was not, smiling sympathetically and roaring off. And he would climb back desolately but smiling into his own sparse little driving seat to chug off once more to partake gamely in scintillating discussion concerning insoluble and nonsensical domestic issues. Ah, Evelyn. What had they done to deserve each other?

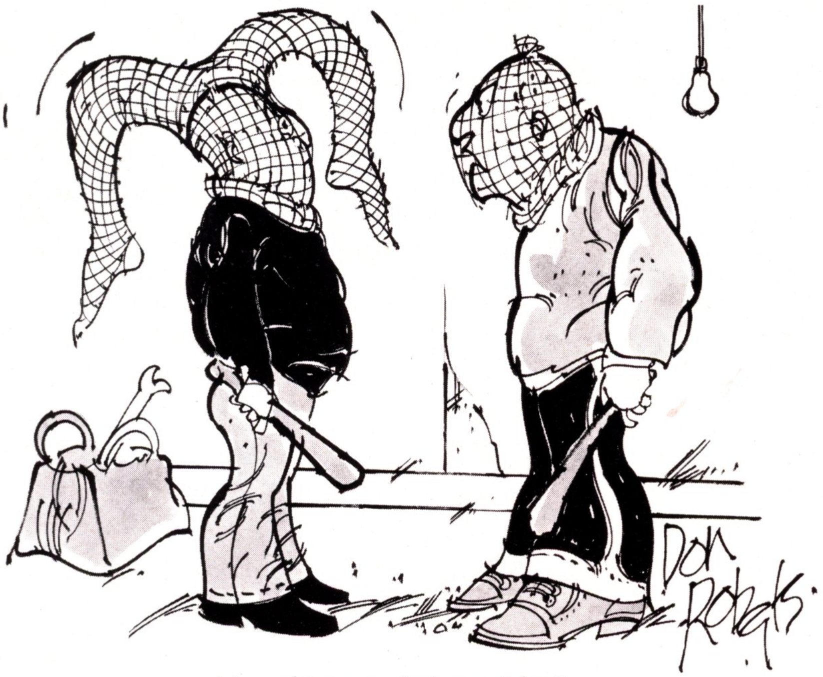
One of Susan's eyebrows arched enquiringly. She was smiling. He realised that she had been speaking to him.

'Oh, I do beg your pardon', he stammered, stubbing out his cigarette and reaching for his drink.

'I said, I believe I heard you work in the

ILLUSTRATION BY GILLIAN HILLS





'A stocking, you fool. not tights!'

Borough Surveyor's Department, Mr Nolan?'

'Yes. I believe I do', he quipped, grasping for time to recover. She had called him '*Mr* Nolan'. God. Instant thud. Didn't she realise that this was his own hair and not a toupée and that he wasn't only wearing this button-down red shirt because it was Saturday, that he tried to keep young and trendy all the time. And that he thinks he loves her?

Where was the secret of that glance they shared? Her parents are sitting across there and her father is a colleague and, of course, his daughter being a gorgeous and most aware young girl, she has very sensibly screwed the lid down tight in case somebody notices. Because she is eighteen and sensible and I am thirty-five and married with three children and therefore cannot be in the market for beautiful things happening to me anymore. Beautiful things happening under these circumstances are not beautiful to anyone but the participants. To the rest of society they are dubious and sordid things which one must contrive to keep clandestine.

'I say, have you heard about old John Nolan? Apparently he's having it off on the side with some eighteen-year-old society piece. He's walked out on his wife and shot off to the moon with that young Sue Marshall'.

'Yes, I had heard actually. She really is meant to be one of the most delightful of creatures, though'.

'Yeah. Bit sordid, though, all the same – don't you think'?

'No. Actually I don't. It's certainly jazzed old John Nolan up a bit. He's stopped looking like a constipated prune and now walks around the place upright and smiling and saying nice things to people'.

'Yes – but what about his wife and children'?

'Well – *what* about them, old man? Are they starving or being maltreated? Don't worry. Things'll come around all right. One way or the other they've got to, haven't they'.

'You must be miles away from us, Mr Nolan. You're flicking ash in the peanuts'.

'Oh, was I? I'm so sorry. Please forgive me, I . . .'

'Is something the matter, Mr Nolan'?

'Tell me, do I look to you like a Mr Nolan?'

'How do you mean, exactly?'

Well – so far I have not had occasion to address you by your name, but if instead of Miss Marshall I could presume to call you Susan – do you think that you would mind?'

'Of course not', she smiled, glancing into her drink. 'I'd prefer you to, naturally'.

'In that case, would you believe that I, too, would prefer it if you would please call me John'?

He'd done it.

He had assumed a posture of mock belligerence to do so but had made certain that his eyes had softened, as he thought, appealingly, at the same time. The corners of his mouth had flickered upwards in an apprehensive smile. He thought it had probably made him look pissed. But in fact it hadn't. She got the message alright. He was projecting good and strong. She flustered just ever so slightly and coyly looked downwards to rabbit in her bag for a tissue she didn't really want. It had worked.

She was definitely aware of him. He wasn't just Mr Nolan. He was male, in the running and the wearer of musky trousers. If someone such as he ever had similar thoughts about *his* daughter, he would be most disturbed and coolly endeavour to counter their presence in her company. But he and Susan. It was lovely. It felt tingly and so right. Wasn't it, after all, part of life's rich pattern? Princess or peasant girl, they were legal tender at sixteen. Susan was a smooth, sophisticated and very aware eighteen year old. Would she benefit more from a twenty-year-old boyfriend with whom to love and practise on –? Or from a mature individual such as he who, only too acutely aware of his shortcomings was incredulously delighted that a young woman should take so much as even a glimmer of interest in him. He, surely, would appreciate and adore her far more than her twenty year old ever could do. He felt better. Less of a kidnapping. He still felt low on assurance, though and sought it in the timorous phraseology of his next bold endeavour.

'Susan – I don't suppose, I mean – well, that is . . .'

His heart had accelerated. The blood had drained from his clammy, cold face. He wiped his mouth. His subconscious ego feared rejection while everything else moved him to persevere.

'What would you say if I asked you to have a drink with me?'

She looked up from her lap and smiled.

'I'd say that was very kind of you and please may I have a vodka?'

'Well, actually I meant sometime. Like, not now exactly. Well, of course now, naturally – but I meant somewhere else at some other time perhaps?'

She smiled again. 'Yes. That's what I thought'.

Of course she had. Eighteen-year-old girls are switched on. It's only thirty-five-year-old married men who have not played the field for a while who wear size fifteen boots in this game. Susan exhaled more smoke from her menthol tipped cigarette.

'In fact', she said: 'I think that having a drink with you might really be rather nice. May I give you my number?'

As she scrabbled in her bag for pen and paper he felt that every eye in the room was loathsomely glowering at him. He need not have worried. Reprieve came in the guise of a small printed card which she withdrew and held in her hand for some while to allow any inquisitively prying eyes that there might have been, to be averted elsewhere. Then she palmed the card surreptitiously across to him. This girl was *very* aware. Oh, wasn't she just.

He had rung her three days later. After she slipped him the card he'd said, 'Do you really mean this, Sue?'

'I think so. Yes', she replied. Then: 'Yes, of course I do'.

He had paused ruminatively for a moment before glancing up at her from beneath his eyelids and asking: 'Why?'

'Why ever not?' she'd said. Then she mused for a few seconds, smiled mischievously, leaned forward and whispered: 'Curiosity, I suppose. Sooner or later every girl should have her "thing" with a married man. I just prefer sooner, that's all'.

And she had squeezed his wrist. Just slightly. But it was enough. His heart hadn't slowed down for an hour afterwards. He could have rung her on the second day. But he didn't. It occurred to him that she couldn't have been out with too many men seventeen years older than herself. Not yet, anyway. She hadn't had time. This could be almost as exciting for her as it was for him. His own feelings made him feel boyish and gauche. Her youth, on the other hand, her inexperience and ponderousness – made her appear cool, aloof, sophisticated and in perfect control. But what was she *really* like? What were her insides *really* telling her? What did she *really* think of him? There was only one way to find out.

He didn't ring her on the second day because the thought of doing so affected his bowels. Besides – suppose she *hadn't* meant it. Suppose she had just been drunk by the atmosphere, just happened to have had some cards printed and, notwithstanding the fact that he was a friend of her father's, the teenage devil within her had compelled her to try out on him the strength of her budding wiles.

Had she expected him to take her seriously? Could she be anywhere near ready for a man/woman relationship? Was she aware of the strength of her appeal? Would she be appalled, flattered, frightened, excited, embarrassed, worried, giggly or genuinely womanly-warm and eagerly responsive if she was privy to the mental machinations that he was undergoing now on her behalf? How skilled were eighteen-year-old girls at conducting clandestine adult affairs? How responsibly did they behave? He answered his own question. It depended entirely upon the individual and their background. In both these requirements Susan was quite impeccable.

Would he ring her? The Walter Mitty within could see her standing hour by hour next to the phone in her office, just waiting for his call with baited breath. 'Yes, John – I'll meet you anywhere you say – only do hurry, please do hurry. I need to see you so much . . .' Wonderful! Unless that turned out to really be what she did say. Then he'd flap like mad. Why should she possibly need to see him so desperately? Had she told her father of the planned escapade, realised what she had done and now felt obliged to warn him? Oh, God – this was awful. Why on earth had he ever gone to that wretched party and met her in the first place? If he had only appreciated then what sort of an agonising situation this would turn out to be he would. A memory flickered in John Nolan's mind. *If only he had appreciated the situation.* Appreciation of the situation. Isn't that what they had had to do at OCTU during national service? Of course it was. Before committing any force to action, before drawing up any sort of a plan, one had had to determine first of all the exact aim, objectively consider all the factors and then make the obvious deductions to allow a sensible conclusion to be arrived at. He recalled so vividly still the voice of the directing staff emphasising that fact: 'Nor do you take a short cut, gentlemen. Many of you might think your plan is obvious and so in a hurry to dispense with the correct procedure, you will find yourselves endeavouring instead to "situate the appreciation." That way lies folly. You will more than likely overshoot your objective and tumble eagerly out of your half track to find yourself confronting a sharp point. It is then no good smiling sweetly as you shake the shit and loose pebbles from your trouser leg and ask if you please couldn't have another go because you fucked that one up. I don't think they'd let you. So remember – appreciate the situation.'

John Nolan did so now. Mentally blessing national service for something other than VD in Aden, he dragged forth the simple old process of logical deduction.

FACT: 1. Eighteen-year-old girls are two years inside the legal age bracket. Judges approve.

2. Eighteen-year-old girls have been known to 'go out with' thirty-five-year-old men before.

3. Eighteen-year-old girls have been known to marry/live with/fall in love with/have children by thirty-five-year-old men.

4. There are lots of eighteen-year-old girls who prefer older men. Even as old as thirty five.

DEDUCTION: There is nothing wrong with it. It is normal. It is perfectably acceptable. It is nice if you can get it.

FACTS AS THEY APPLY TO JOHN NOLAN: 1. I crave a relationship. If it happens to be an eighteen-year-old girl – Wowee!

2. I am a pretty reasonable physical example of my age group. I am clean virile, trendy and personable.

3. I have met just the eighteen-year-old girl I could flip over. She has shown an interest in me. She has said that she would

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like to see me again. She has given me her card and left me breathless. It can't be bad. What's wrong? Where's the hang up?

LIMITING FACTORS: 1. I'm married (So what? She knows that. So are most thirty-five-year-old married men).

2. I know her father. (So what?)

3. She was probably teasing me. (Possible. Not probable. Ego bashing apart, there's only one way to find out. And if she *was* teasing you, your persistent attention might persuade her to become serious).

John Nolan didn't sleep well that night. But the next morning he did ring Susan. It was 10.30 am. His grandfather going over the top at Ypres had probably felt pretty much the same way. His heart was thumping. His adrenalin was surging. His stomach was rumbling. His palms were perspiring. His lips were tightening involuntarily into a thin, white line. His throat had constricted and his mouth had gone dry. According to God and nature he was ready.

He dialled her number. He waited, committed. He was now poised on the high board with the grenade's pin pulled. He sat firmly atop Walter Mitty. No breathlessly anxious Susan was going to answer this phone. No, sir. Even if she was there she probably wouldn't remember him. That was for sure. Or she would be annoyed or embarrassed that he had called. She was probably in the loo. Or too busy to talk. God – but this was ridiculous. One eighteen year old green-eyed blonde. He must pass thousands of the things every morning without a falter in his step and yet he was feeling like an unapprehended embezzler who knows the net is closing in on him.

'Millbank Galleries. Good morning. Can I help you?'

The adrenalin stopped moving. He was on. He felt a little strange but still managed to adopt his finest business stance.

'How do you do,' he drawled affectedly. 'I wonder if I might speak with your Miss Susan Marshall, please?' He allowed his voice slight inflection for politeness – but there was an undeniable insistence and expectancy in its timbre. To no avail.

'Who is speaking, please?'

'My name is John Nolan.' He said it as a question.

'One moment, please, Mr Nolan . . . '

Now he felt calm. The die had been cast. He stuck the little finger of his left hand into his ear and closed his eyes. Now he was locked in his own private universe just waiting for Sue to join him. One way or the other.

Footsteps.

The phone was retrieved and a faint 'Hello' whispered enquiringly into his ear.

'Sue . . . ?'

'No, I'm afraid Miss Marshall has gone out for a few moments. Could I give her a message?'

He fought to control his pierced hot air balloon as it flailed earthwards and then murmured: 'Well – perhaps you could tell her John Nolan rang, would you please?'

He hung up.

He was old enough and ugly enough by now to be completely inured to disappointments. Life, after all, seemed to be comprised of a series of disappointments which together created a mandatorily acceptable compromise. If you didn't get the after-shave you wanted for Christmas at least you got after-shave. Something like that, anyway.

In a way it was a relief, her not being there. He had said he would contact her and now he had done so. Honour had been satisfied and they were both spared the embarrassment of her kindly laughter as she gently lowered him back to reality. 'Oh, John – I'm really awfully flattered that you should have taken me seriously. It never actually occurred to me that you would. In fact, I'm already rather tied up with a chap at the moment. We've been together for a couple of years now. I know it must sound quite ridiculous to you but, well – he's still at school. Oh, he's in his final term and then he's going to university, but . . . '

Oh, hell. Bloody woman. Fancy him even thinking anything meaningful could come of it. Imagine losing your heart to an eighteen year old girl. The whole scheme was fraught with disaster. He annihilated his cigarette in the ashtray, rose forcibly to his feet and made for the door. The phone *purp purped.*

He leaned across to pick up the receiver.

'A Miss Marshall is on the line for you, Mr Nolan. Will you take the call?'

It was a joke. It had to be. He flustered. He banged his bad knee excruciatingly on the corner of the desk. He thumped into his seat and ruffled his hair. He said: 'Er, yes – Of course. Please put her on.'

There was a thousand light years' pause for a second and then a click and then her unmistakeably husky 'Hello . . . '

'Susan. Is that really you?'

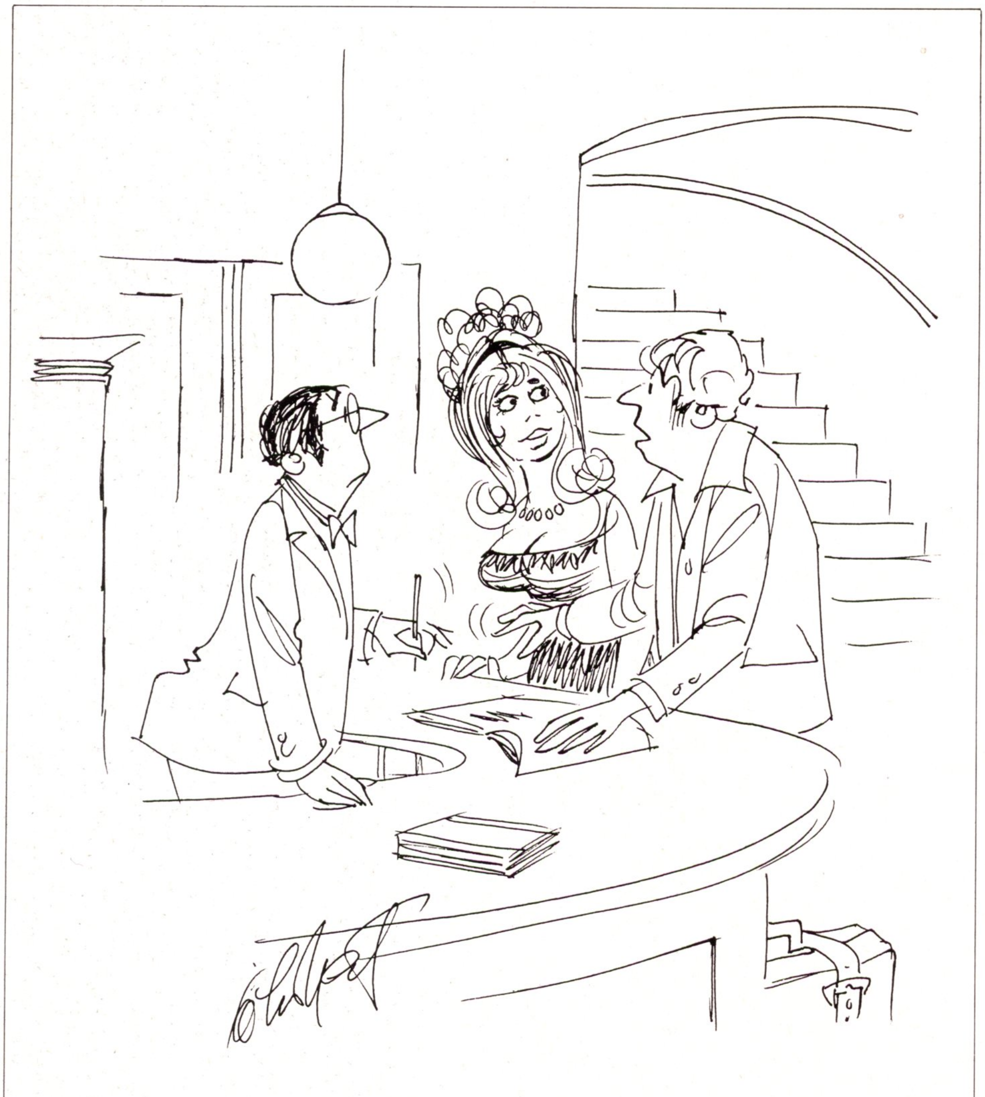
'Yes, of course it is.' she gurgled. 'Who did you think it was? Or shouldn't I ask?'

Nolan loosened his collar and smiled stupidly and harder and harder in disbelief as she quite calmly spoke on to him.

'Look,' she said, 'I'd almost given you up for no good, you know. I thought you might have rung me on Monday, but you didn't. There I got all excited for nothing. Grrrrr. It won't do, you know, leaving me out here on a limb not knowing what you're thinking and wondering all the time if you were just stringing me a line after all . . . thinking about you . . . haven't slept . . . '

She talked on. He sat there. He grinned. His kaleidoscope stilled. The upsurge and disquiet that was in the body that was John Nolan – was quelled. The hunter was home from the hill. They were going to be in love. It had worked. It was fixed.

It was on.



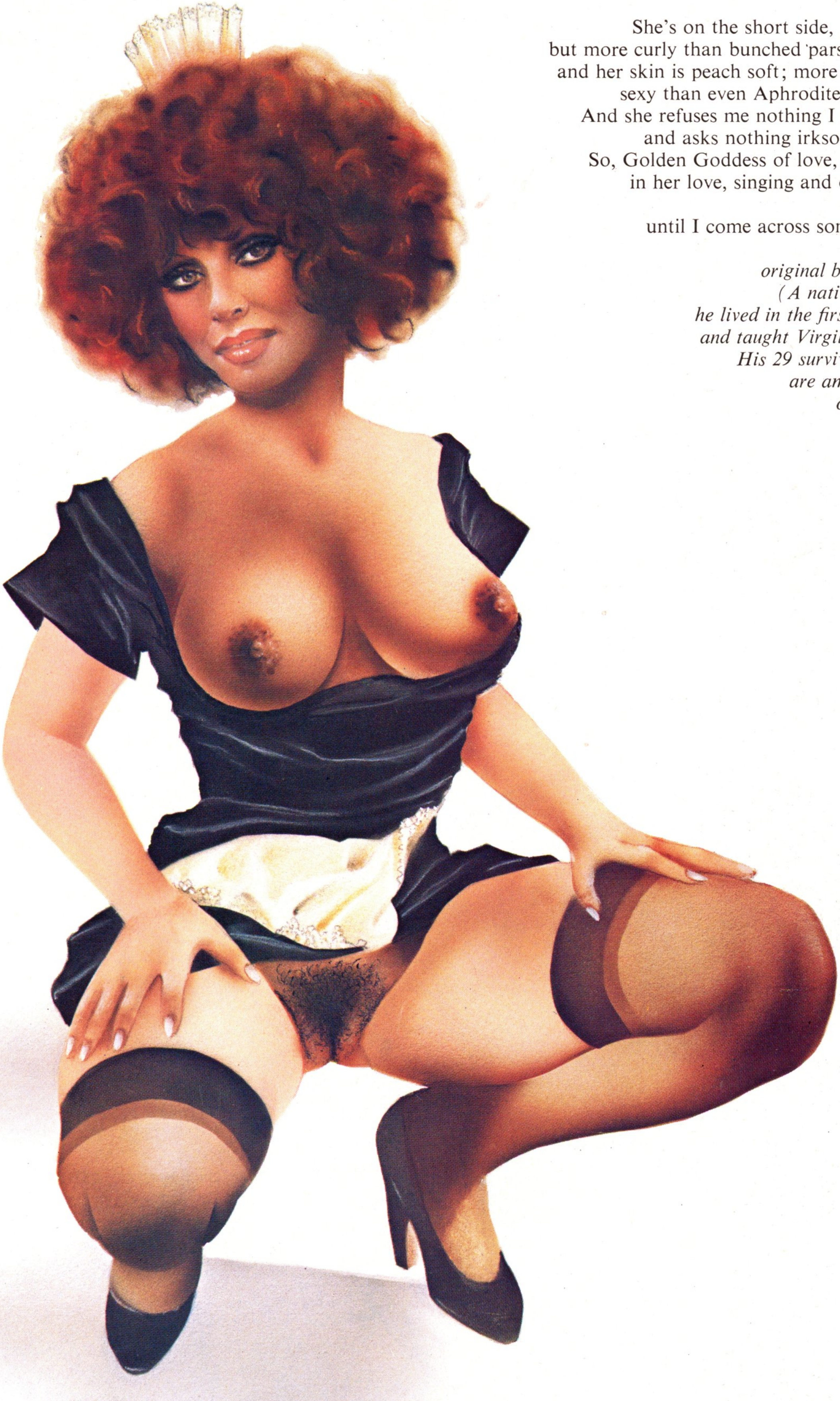
'Could you hurry up with that room, please. I suffer from premature ejaculation.'

ETERNAL' ORACL'ES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 27

She's on the short side, and swarthy;
but more curly than bunched parsley (in hair):
and her skin is peach soft; more enchantingly
sexy than even Aphrodite's honey pot.
And she refuses me nothing I can think of,
and asks nothing irksome in return.
So, Golden Goddess of love, let me thrive
in her love, singing and dancing alive
in her love;
until I come across someone better.

original by Philodemos
(A native of Gadara,
he lived in the first century BC
and taught Virgil and Horace.
His 29 surviving epigrams
are among the most
original of his
period.)



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eight

Sport has always allowed its participants to display their physical – and mental – prowess, and this has rarely been without its sexual overtones. This month, in the second of our series on sexuality in sport, we look at situations in which women spectators have been actively aroused by the sight of men performing a sport. Many women now freely admit that they can obtain sexual excitement – and even release – by witnessing a game: particularly the more physical sports such as wrestling and boxing. Traditionally women are rarely credited with an enjoyment of the voyeuristic aspects of sex. However, it seems that this rule does not apply when voyeurism is allied with a physical performance.

INTRODUCTION

Last month we looked at the way in which the physical intimacy allowable between the sexes in a shared sporting activity could lead to an unexpected sexual encounter. This month we turn our attention to the effect on women of viewing a sporting activity. In one case an interviewee was highly conscious of the sexual aspect of the games she watched. In another a previously repressed girl found an unexpected sexual release in the sight of a wrestling match; while in a third an interviewee found her attitude to an unwelcome suitor radically changed by witnessing his skill at the wheel of a rally car.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Laboratory Technician, 24 years old, brunette, town of origin Droitwich**

This interviewee, a quiet, studious girl, agreed to talk to Quest only after lengthy persuasion. She had led an unusually sheltered childhood and adolescence and had not left home until the age of 22. She currently lives alone and works for a Midlands chemical concern.

Quest: I understand from our preliminary conversation that you're something of a wrestling devotee. Could we therefore begin by talking about the first time you realised that as a spectator you were becoming aroused by action in the ring?

Technician: The funny thing is that I'm not really that interested in wrestling as a sport. It's more the sight of two muscled men sweating with exertion that does things to me.

Quest: So why wrestling as opposed to, say, boxing or judo?

Technician: For a start the costumes are much skimpier. Most men wrestle in just swimming trunks. And there's much more audience participation. You can get quite carried away and nobody really notices.

Quest: When did you first notice that you were becoming aroused?

Technician: The first time I went actually. I was staying with some friends in London who were great fans and they took me along to a tournament at the Fairfield Halls in Croydon. There was a chap wrestling called Wayne Bridges whom I thought was quite good-looking and I rather fancied him. He was wrestling this archetypal baddy who was indulging in all sorts of dirty tricks and I started to get a bit irate – much to the amusement of my friends who'd always thought of me as being rather quiet and sedate. I was sort of jumping up and down in my seat and squirming about and when Wayne finally won, I felt this astonishing irrational wave of pleasure. I flopped back down onto my seat and discovered to my amazement that I was absolutely wet between my legs. I was embarrassed to tell you the truth.

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

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Quest: Did you actually have an orgasm?

Technician: I don't think so, but I went over the incident in my head when I was in bed that night and found that the thought made me wet again.

Quest: What did you do about that?

Technician: Well, I masturbated, which is something I hardly ever do, but I just couldn't help it.

Quest: Did you fantasise about actually making love to the wrestler?

Technician: No. I was just thinking of those two men locked together and that made me start brushing my hand over my fanny, and I was so wet I just slipped a finger in and played with my clitoris until I came.

Quest: Did this pattern continue?

Technician: Yes. I started to go to wrestling quite regularly and when I was back home in bed afterwards I would invariably play with myself. A couple of times when I was especially excited, I had an orgasm while I was actually watching a bout by squeezing my legs together hard.

Quest: Did this arousal on your part ever lead to actual sex?

Technician: Yes, just the once, but I don't think it's an experience I'd care to repeat.

Quest: How so?

Technician: I was watching a bout which had got me rather excited and I was looking forward to going home and getting into the routine. I was at the stage then when I could keep up my level of arousal by thinking about what I was going to do when I got home. It was an absolutely ghastly night, bucketing down with rain and I had no umbrella and quite a walk to my bus-stop. I was hovering around the entrance when I heard a voice say: 'Miserable night, isn't it?' I looked round and there was this chap. Young, in his mid-twenties I'd say, and quite well-dressed and good-looking. I smiled and nodded agreement. 'Where are you headed?' he asked. I'm always a bit reluctant to get into pick-up type situations, so I just mumbled the area I was trying to reach. He said that was the way he was going and asked if I'd like a lift. I was going to say no, but it really was an awful night and I would have ended up getting soaked, so as he appeared OK, after a bit of humming and hawing, I said yes. We got into his car and he drove off. The journey only took about fifteen minutes or so and he hadn't tried to touch me up or anything, so out of politeness I asked him if he'd like a cup of coffee.

Quest: Did you have anything apart from coffee in mind?

Technician: You mean sex? No, of course not, I told you I was just trying to be polite. He came up to my flat and we chatted about the bouts I'd seen. He asked if I was a regular fan and when I replied that I was, he went on about what I thought was wrestling's main appeal. I could feel myself start to blush and the knowledge that I was blushing made me go even redder. Perversely, I started to recall the juicier moments of the evening's bouts and I could feel myself beginning to get wet again. I excused myself and went into the kitchen, but he followed me in. He asked if there was anything wrong – I replied that there wasn't, but I felt so odd. I think it was the combination of being aroused by the wrestling coupled with the physical nearness of a man.

Quest: How did you resolve this?

Technician: I began hoping that he'd make a pass at me. I couldn't bring myself to make the first move, but I knew that if he made a pass I'd respond.

Quest: And did he make a pass?

Technician: Not as such. Eventually he got up to go and I saw him to the door. I thanked him for running me home and we shook hands. I moved a little bit closer to him and looked at him, a bit soulfully I suppose, and the next thing we were kissing. I had my tongue deep inside his mouth and was holding him tightly. I kicked the door shut and we moved back into the sitting room. He'd begun fondling my breasts and I was a little bit frightened because I thought I was doing something terribly wrong. It didn't stop me though. I lay back on the sofa and let him unbutton my blouse and lift my bra up to free my breasts. He started to suck my nipples and then I could feel his hand working its way up under my skirt. He was squeezing my vagina through my tights and pants, so I lifted up my bottom so he could pull them off. In the end I was lying there with my blouse open, my bra up round my neck, my skirt rucked up around my waist and totally bare underneath. He was breathing very heavily and trying to get his trousers off over his shoes, which he eventually did leaving him in just his shirt and pants. I just made a grab for his bulge and started stroking it. I got out his erection – he had a very nice one. I'm no great judge of size as I'm not that experienced, but it seemed thick and stiff which was just what I wanted. He wanted me to suck it, I don't really like doing that so I gently pulled him down on top of me until I could feel the tip of his erection pressing against the outer lips. Then he entered me – very easily as I was so wet. I came almost immediately. He started this slow rhythmic movement, speeding up and then slowing down, but I didn't want him to be gentle, I wanted him to be hard and brutal. I dug my nails into his back and he seemed to get the message because he began to ride me like I wanted him to. He was whispering the most unbelievable obscenities into my ear which turned me on even more. I could feel him building up to his climax, so I clawed at his bare bottom to push every last bit of him into me and then he came – we both did. I was shattered. I couldn't move a muscle. My vagina was on fire and felt so liquid. I can't think of any other way to describe it.

Quest: And the aftermath of this encounter?

Technician: He stayed the night, but I found myself very embarrassed in the morning. As I told you, I'm not really a casual sex type. He wanted the relationship to continue, but I was against that. I haven't seen him again.

Quest: Do you still go to the wrestling?

Technician: Only rarely now. I think that evening revealed a facet of my character to me that I think I'd rather keep hidden.
Quest: Thank you.

Two **Cosmetics Demonstrator, 20, brunette, town of origin Hemel Hempstead**

An only child, this interviewee, who left school when she was 18, had joined a large cosmetics firm and toured departmental stores, mainly in the London area where she now lived, promoting the company's products. She shared a flat with a girlfriend.

Quest: Why did you have sex with David?
Demonstrator: It was natural, we were, I suppose, what you'd call childhood sweethearts. I realise that it sounds very corny and soppy, but it was true.
Quest: How old were you?
Demonstrator: Eighteen when David and I first made love, but that wasn't the first time I had sex.
Quest: When did you have sex, first?
Demonstrator: I was sixteen at the time and believe it or not it was with the older brother of my best friend, but that's got nothing to do with sport.
Quest: Well, tell me about you and David; what sort of a relationship was it?
Demonstrator: As I said, David and I had known each other since we were very young . . . we used to play together . . . and even went to the same school. One year, the last at school, we were even in the same class. But it had only been in the previous few months that I had started looking on him as anything special?
Quest: Why was that?
Demonstrator: I remember one day a couple of girlfriends and I were casually talking about the boys in the school football team as they'd started winning matches – it was the first time the school had won anything, so we used to rib them, and as far as I know the last – when one of the girls mentioned that she thought David was a dish.
Quest: How did this lead to you and David consummating your relationship?
Demonstrator: Patience. As I told you I got to thinking about it.
Quest: Sex?
Demonstrator: Yes, I suppose so. I remember wondering what David was like under his football shorts. Back when we were kids together, I can remember getting him to show me his thing in exchange for me showing him my knickers. But I couldn't help wondering what he was like now.
Quest: You decided to find out?
Demonstrator: Yes. No, not like that. We had been going out for a month, I reckon, and he'd taken me to discos and pubs, but most times he was a perfect gentleman – either that or he was very backward or just shy. One Saturday, however, we were both a bit under the weather, a bit worse for wear with the booze, and we had a right old snogging match on the way home. Anyway, the next day David was playing in a friendly football match and he asked if I wanted to come along. I wasn't all that interested in the football actually, but in the boys in the team, seeing a number of them were also in the school's team.
Quest: What happened?
Demonstrator: We didn't have sex on the field with the other team members clapping in time, if that's what you're thinking. It was more subtle than that. After the match, which was quite exciting actually – though I must have been the only supporter – I went up to David who was with Andy and another player. There were no changing rooms, just a small pavilion where the players of both teams had stored their gear and they changed out of their shorts.
Quest: Did you become aroused?
Demonstrator: Not at first, I don't think that women become aroused like that – like most men think.
Quest: But you did later?
Demonstrator: Well, yes. It was a combination of things. I didn't go straight over to the boys, I waited till most had changed and gone away, but when I did wander towards the pavilion, I met one chap, older, walking to his car with only a pair of briefs on, and I couldn't stop myself from giving his thing a long hard stare. And when I reached the pavilion, I noticed Andy's bare bum disappearing into a pair of briefs. But he half turned round as I approached and I caught a magnificent view of his lovely tool.
Quest: Had you fancied him, too?
Demonstrator: I did after that. He was very good looking, really and he was extremely well-endowed, thingy-wise.
Quest: He had a large penis?
Demonstrator: Oh I can't stand that word – it sounds so coarse. My cousin used to call it a toody – that's much better.
Quest: You began to take notice of Andy more after that?
Demonstrator: Yes, we've recently become engaged, but I am telling you about David. Do you want me to go on?
Quest: Please.
Demonstrator: As it was quite late, nearly dark in fact at that time of the evening, and the others had all gone, David and I had a snogging match in the pavilion. It was well-hidden from any roads and there hadn't been anybody about for ages. David was extremely aroused and kept grinding his thingy into me and at the same time drawing my breath completely away by forcing his tongue deep down my throat until I thought I would choke.
Quest: He had dressed after the match hadn't he?
Demonstrator: Of course he had. But not for long. I could feel myself building up, being made breathless, my heart began pounding, so loud, like it was magnified a hundred times. I began to feel dizzy, and all the time he was grinding away at me and I could feel myself go damp down there and I knew that it had to be then. Up till that moment he had tried to get his hand up my jumper, but I'd pushed it away. Now I wanted him so much that I got hold of his hand and put it on my breast. For someone who was so obviously around my own age he was certainly very good at it for in no time he'd undone my bra, and had my jumper rolled up round my shoulders and was running his tongue round and round my nipple, tweaking the other with his fingers. Oh it was so marvellous. I was moaning, panting for it and I put my hand down, undid his belt and fly and got him out in my hand. It was such a shock, feeling it there, being so strong, like an iron bar, so thick and throbbing. It felt so warm, so hot in my hand.
Quest: Did he take precautions? Or were you on the Pill?
Demonstrator: Neither. We were just lucky. But never like that again, it's too risky. Andy always carried a Durex in his wallet, said he never knew when he might need it and I couldn't agree more . . . a very sensible attitude. David manoeuvred himself on top of me and put his hand down there. He said I was sopping wet and that he'd go in easily. He played a bit first, just brushing my clitty, making me lose all co-ordination, with his thumb. It's so hard to describe what I felt. All I remember is that it was fabulous, that I was enjoying it so much. I recall squirming, feeling a little frightened, scared, when he brushed his finger along my opening and getting incredible tingles as he wiggled it about, making me so excited, bringing me up nearly to the threshold, and all the time he was licking my nipples, rolling them round with his tongue. And then he withdrew and I screamed out as I felt him nuzzle in, just between my lips, and again all my breath was gone and I wanted him right up, so I wriggled a bit, and a bit more pushed in. Ohhh! It's always such a memorable experience when you do it with a fellow for the first time. In and out he went, shattering me with every stroke, leaving me exhausted, and then making me cry out with pleasure when he rammed in again, right up. He was very good, seeing we were so inexperienced. He kept it up for a good dozen or so long hard strokes – there was no time or room for finesse – and but then I'd gone all limp and was shaking, so utterly exhausted, but as his breathing got heavier and heavier and he started muttering that he was coming, I felt myself go completely and I jumped up, grabbed him round the neck, pulled him towards me hard, squashed my titties against him, and as I died away I felt him like a piston, filling me with his warmth. It just seemed to keep pumping, coming and coming . . . that's such a beautiful feeling, someone coming really strong inside you. Brrrrr! . . . Sorry, it gives me goose bumps just thinking about it . . .
Quest: Your relationship didn't continue?
Demonstrator: No. We might have had sex once or twice more, but soon after that we had an almighty argument which finished us completely.
Quest: What happened?
Demonstrator: Oh David said I had been making eyes at Andy – admittedly I did fancy him – but I was still faithful to David. But the whole thing flared up and David showed a most unpleasant side of his nature, one which I hadn't experienced before.
Quest: What was that?
Demonstrator: He turned violent and hit me. I told him then and there to push off.

I think he expected me to try and make up, and maybe I would have, although one can't tell with a violent person, but Andy and I started going out.

Quest: And you had sex with him?

Demonstrator: Oh yes. Often. He was very tall, about six feet, with broad shoulders and dark hair, a veritable he-man, so athletic, so commanding in physique that all I want to do is hold him. He's so dominant. I remember the first time. It was shortly after the flare up with David. I went to the football club dance and they were both there. David spent the night glaring at me and Andy was so sweet and understanding I told him that I was through with David and I think that at first, anyway, Andy thought he could be one up on David if he could make him jealous.

Quest: And did he?

Demonstrator: Yes. I remember Andy forcing me into a corner and nibbling at my neck. I got a bit drunk, and I was heady with the atmosphere, there weren't all that many girls there and I was really intoxicated by the manliness of all those sporty types. Andy took me home that night, except that I didn't get home. I only got as far as his place, but what a marvellous time we had. He showed me so many things.

Quest: What?

Demonstrator: Oral sex for a start. Now, it's my favourite form. Well, that's not quite true, but I do love it, and he'd also do something which is terribly naughty, but very enjoyable, but I'm not sure if I should tell you.

Quest: Please go on.

Demonstrator: Well, when we are making love, as I approach orgasm, with him pumping away inside me, he will ever so gently slide a little finger into my bottom. Ohhh, it's such a dirty thing to talk about but great to actually do.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Personal Assistant, 21 years old, brunette, town of origin Swindon**

This interviewee had left school at the age of 18 to work in a Midlands-based public relation consultancy. At the time of the interview she had just moved from home to a flat shared with another girl.

Quest: What's the special attraction of sportsmen for you?

PA: There's no *special* attraction. I don't like just anybody. Brawn doesn't do anything for me. I hate thick hairy chests. It's like making love to coconut matting. I like people who are good at what they're doing, who aren't just sort of thickoes barging their way in.

Quest: But you told me before one of your first sexual experiences was with someone exactly like that.

PA: That's probably what put me off. No, that's unfair. Patrick gave me my first orgasm.

Quest: How old were you then?

PA: Nineteen. The funny thing was I was going with his brother, who was much quieter and ordinary, better-looking. They were both motorbike freaks; they went on autocross most weekends, which is why I left in the end. The only time I saw anyone was when they were getting their bikes ready and then they didn't want to talk.

Quest: What happened with Patrick?

PA: Oh nothing planned. I didn't even think about fancying him – It just happened, very casually.

Quest: But you didn't just tumble into bed for no reason?

PA: I don't think it happened in bed at all. I used to spend a lot of time at Patrick and Steve's house – Steve was my boyfriend. They lived with their father – he was divorced and he spent most of the time with his girlfriend so he was never there. I went round one Sunday and I was really looking forward to seeing Steve because I'd been on holiday with my parents for a fortnight. And he was competing that day; he didn't even kiss me properly because he was in too much of a hurry. That annoyed me so much. All he said was, 'Must go; be back tonight, we'll go out then,' and he'd gone.

Quest: So you stayed?

PA: I wasn't going to. It was just the thought of spending a whole day with my parents, especially after a fortnight of them. So I went in and played some records and lay about and Patrick was working on his bike in the garden.

Quest: He didn't bother you?

PA: No; we weren't dire enemies, just friendly in an ordinary sort of way. I started talking to him for something to do and around lunchtime he said, 'The bike's alright now. Let's ride down the pub.' So I thought, why not? There was bound to be someone we knew down there.

Quest: And was there?

PA: I don't remember anyone particularly. I was talking to Patrick most of the time. We'd never really talked before because Steve was always there; and Patrick was quite quiet anyway. I've no idea what we said. All I remember is wriggling about on the back of his bike on the way home. I must have drunk quite a bit and I hadn't eaten anything. We flopped onto this big divan thing they had in the living room – I think it was just two mattresses under a cover – I couldn't stop giggling. Patrick couldn't either, and he put on a record and we both collapsed on the divan. And one minute we were laughing and the next we were kissing.

Quest: But you hadn't really fancied him?

PA: I don't remember fancying him, I honestly don't. I think I said, 'You stupid old bear' – something like that and just touching him. Nowhere special. And then it was all happening. I'd never been kissed by anyone with a beard before. He had a very thick black beard. I thought it was going to tickle but I remember it felt very soft; then I do remember wondering if it went all the way down his chest and lifting up his tee-shirt and he took that as his cue. He started kissing me all over, which was so odd with his beard, and tickling my boobs – I didn't know whether to laugh or squeal – I was horse-riding a lot then and I didn't need to wear a bra. I wish I could do that now. And I was running my fingers through the hair on his chest – it was horribly thick and matted – and he was easing my jeans off, and then I felt him coming into me. I thought that was good because I usually need to help a bit – being so short, I'm small there as well. But I wasn't dry at all. And he started humping, very slowly and easily and I could feel myself tensing for the explosion, but he just went on very steadily and after a while I began to feel ali these strange electric feelings round where it was happening. And I said, 'Hey, wait a minute, what are you doing?' But he kept on going and the feelings were spreading up into my tummy and I could feel my heart bumping like mad and I couldn't breathe properly and I couldn't understand what was happening. And he was still going; and I couldn't see where I was any more. I thought the top of my head was coming off and I remember tearing at him and throwing myself about and screaming and then it happened. It was absolutely beautiful. And I didn't even feel Patrick come.

Quest: Was that the only time you made love with him?

PA: Yes. There wasn't anything special between us, apart from that.

Quest: What was so special about Michael?

PA: Oh Mike was a creep, a real shit.

Quest: Obviously you liked him.

PA: He thought he was God's gift; God, he was a pain. He was one of our executives; he thought they would make him a director; when they didn't he shoved off. He didn't even tell me he was going.

Quest: Then why have an affair with him?

PA: I wish I could answer that question. He *was* beautiful, and if anyone did tell him to jump in the lake he could just laugh it off – which was about the only human part of him. But he genuinely thought every woman was his; it was amazing.

Quest: Including you?

PA: He fancied me; not that that was any great honour. He was always talking about us going for a drink, but I made sure it never became anything definite.

Quest: But you went out with him eventually?

PA: He drove this big virile saloon – at least that's what you were supposed to think it was, and made a big thing about all the tough rallying he did, charging all over the countryside like a lunatic. He'd said a couple of times, 'You must come and watch'; I'd had enough of that with my motorbike friends. Then one Friday he popped into my office and said, 'Look, I'm desperate; my girlfriend's just backed out and I have to have a navigator for tomorrow. Lend me three or four hours in the afternoon. I'll drive you straight back home. No strings. Cross my heart.' I thought he'd gone mad. I told him I didn't know a thing about map-reading – I had trouble crossing the road. But he went on and on and it began to dawn on me that he really was desperate.

Quest: So you agreed?

PA: As it happened I'd been planning to go to visit relatives at the weekend, but they'd cancelled at the last minute so I wasn't going to be doing anything. In the end I said I wasn't sure, but if he didn't find anyone else he could ring me in the morning and I gave him my telephone number.

Quest: And he rang?

PA: At first he sounded almost grateful. I thought, 'Is this a change of heart?' But as soon as I said I had to be back in town by 6.30 he was as smug as ever. He practically said, 'I knew you'd do what I wanted.'

Quest: How was he?

PA: Same as ever, wearing a very silly tartan cap. Actually he had on a very smart car coat, too. He started off at once about all this incredible number of things I had to do; timing this and ticking off lists and so on, and looking up the route ahead; and gave me a clipboard and a stopwatch – which I did know how to use but most of the rest was double Dutch; but when I said so he told me to just keep my eye on the map and give him some idea of what was coming next. Leave him to worry about driving and keeping up. In fact it was all fairly clear once we'd got started.

Quest: You started straightaway?

PA: More or less. We drove out to this little village I knew vaguely and apparently it was all going to take place on estate roads where I hadn't been before. He left me in the car to have a chat with all his buddies before they began. At least he brought me back a cup of coffee. I think he expected me to ask why we didn't all start at once, like on a race track. We were about fourth or fifth away, I think; I was still trying to make sense of the map – it was very very detailed. And then it got very hectic. The next thing I remember was being surprised.

Quest: At what?

PA: At Mike, I suppose. Or his driving. He really was quite good. He certainly put more effort into it than anything else I'd seen him do, including chasing females.

Quest: And you admired that?

PA: I admire anyone who does something well and really puts themself into it.

Quest: You began to find him attractive?

PA: Oh I already did. That was the problem. When a man knows he's attractive he's worse than a woman. That's what I couldn't stand about him. And I was quite excited too, I suppose. You can't take part in a sport like that and not be involved. I was scared out of my pants half the time – I nearly got out after the first couple of corners until I realised he did have some idea of what he was doing. And then I realised too how important I was – or should be – and felt such an idiot for agreeing to take part; he *must* have been desperate.

Quest: But you did crash?

PA: We were doing very well actually. We had a slow leak in one of the front tyres and Mike said the engine was starting to overheat. But we were OK for the last stage which was the most important, the decider for our class apparently. And it was the longest and the most difficult. We had to go down a very bumpy, straight farm track, which ended on a hairpin at the bottom of a steep wooded hill; then up a twisty winding road through the wood, over the hilltop and out along another farm track. But this second farm track was a blind entrance; the only guide you had to it was an old forestry hut immediately before it; and I had to scream out the second I saw it or we'd overshoot.

Quest: What happened?

PA: I don't know whether it was my fault or not. The steering was very slack on the way up the hill but Mike wouldn't slow down. I remember shrieking the moment I saw the hut and the next second we were ploughing through bushes and saplings. I was terrified. Then the wing hit a tree and we spun round and stopped. The next thing I remember was the rally official at the hut banging on the window and Mike groaning; he'd stunned himself on the steering wheel but there was blood all over his face and he looked awful. The official was shouting, 'Are you alright? Are you alright?' And Mike began to nod and started to get out, then he fell and I was practically crying. I didn't know what to do. And the official was useless. He kept saying, 'Don't move, don't move: I'll get help' and that was the last I ever saw of him.

Quest: You were on your own?

PA: There was no one. I got out of the car and started to help Mike towards the hut; he kept saying his ankle felt strained – he had torn the ligament in fact. Inside the hut there was a pile of blankets so I helped him down onto them. Then I saw the place was empty, except for the official's thermos and a clipboard and I suppose the tension and the crash and everything got to me and the tears poured down. I doubt if anything would have happened if I hadn't felt so frail and stupid.

Quest: What did happen?

PA: One minute I was feeling the loneliest thing in the world and the next Mike had his arm round me and *he* was the one who needed help, and he was saying, 'It's alright, I'm fine, don't worry,' and cuddling me and then we were at it.

Quest: You were on the blanket too?

PA: Practically lying beside him. I didn't want sex particularly, at least I don't think so; but suddenly we were kissing and clawing at each other. My cardigan was open and Mike was undoing the buttons on my blouse and pulling up my bra – he was incredibly quick – I'd hardly unzipped his coat before my boobs were hanging out and he was burying his face in them and licking and plucking at my nipples with his tongue; my breath went right out of me; it was absolutely gorgeous, but incredible – I've never come on so quickly before – and half the time I was thinking, 'But he's hurt, we mustn't' and my hands were pushing inside his shirt and rubbing his nipples. I couldn't help myself. Then he was tugging at the zip on my jeans and dragging them over my bottom while his tongue was still doing fantastic things with my boobs – it was all so *frantic*. And I remember lying across him and thinking 'I'll have to get on top' and my hand feeling this great rod of his erection in his trousers. Then he gave a great yelp and I nearly died. I'd leant right on this hurt leg. I was shattered. I've never felt so guilty and frustrated and silly; but he was saying, 'No, no, I'm alright. it's fine' and he began to pull my head down towards him and I realised there was only one thing I could do.

Quest: Which was?

PA: I deliberately slowed down, I took a long deep breath, let it out very slowly; then very carefully and gently I unzipped his trousers, slipped them down over his bottom and eased down his pants; he understood and just watched me quietly. And he was beautiful. Not huge – that frightens me. But so juicy and sleek – I could eat the words. I really had to stop myself from grabbing him straight off. Instead I lowered my head very slowly, let my hair – which was much longer then – drift backwards and forwards across it, just dangling on it. Then I began to lick him all the way round, right round his hair at first, then closer and closer to the shaft, but never touching it and I could feel his body quivering. Then very gently I cupped him underneath and let my tongue run right up one side of his shaft, over the top and down the other side. And he was moaning; I felt marvellous. And I licked all round again and then up and over and he quivered like the arrows in that television ad. He tasted so salty and male, I can't describe it. Then I got into my most comfortable position and came down right over him, just letting my lips brush the top of his thing, very very gently. Then I licked it and wet him all the way round, turning my head backwards and forwards, and gradually began to lift my head up and down, getting closer and closer to the top and squeezing a teeny bit harder every time. He almost went berserk! His groin started jumping and I could feel him hold himself back and he was groaning and moaning. And I gradually built up the speed, faster and faster and faster until he was clutching at me and practically screaming and suddenly he bellowed: 'Jesus!' and my lips were right round his top as it jerked and I pushed my head down and as I felt it all burst up. Then I couldn't breathe and I had to pull away. And Mike was sprawled out absolutely shattered; I could hardly move a muscle either. He kept muttering, 'So good, that was so good' – I had to stop him.

Quest: But you didn't climax?

PA: I didn't have time. Almost immediately we heard a car coming and I only had a couple of minutes to tidy up before all the officials burst in. I'm sure they realised what had been happening.

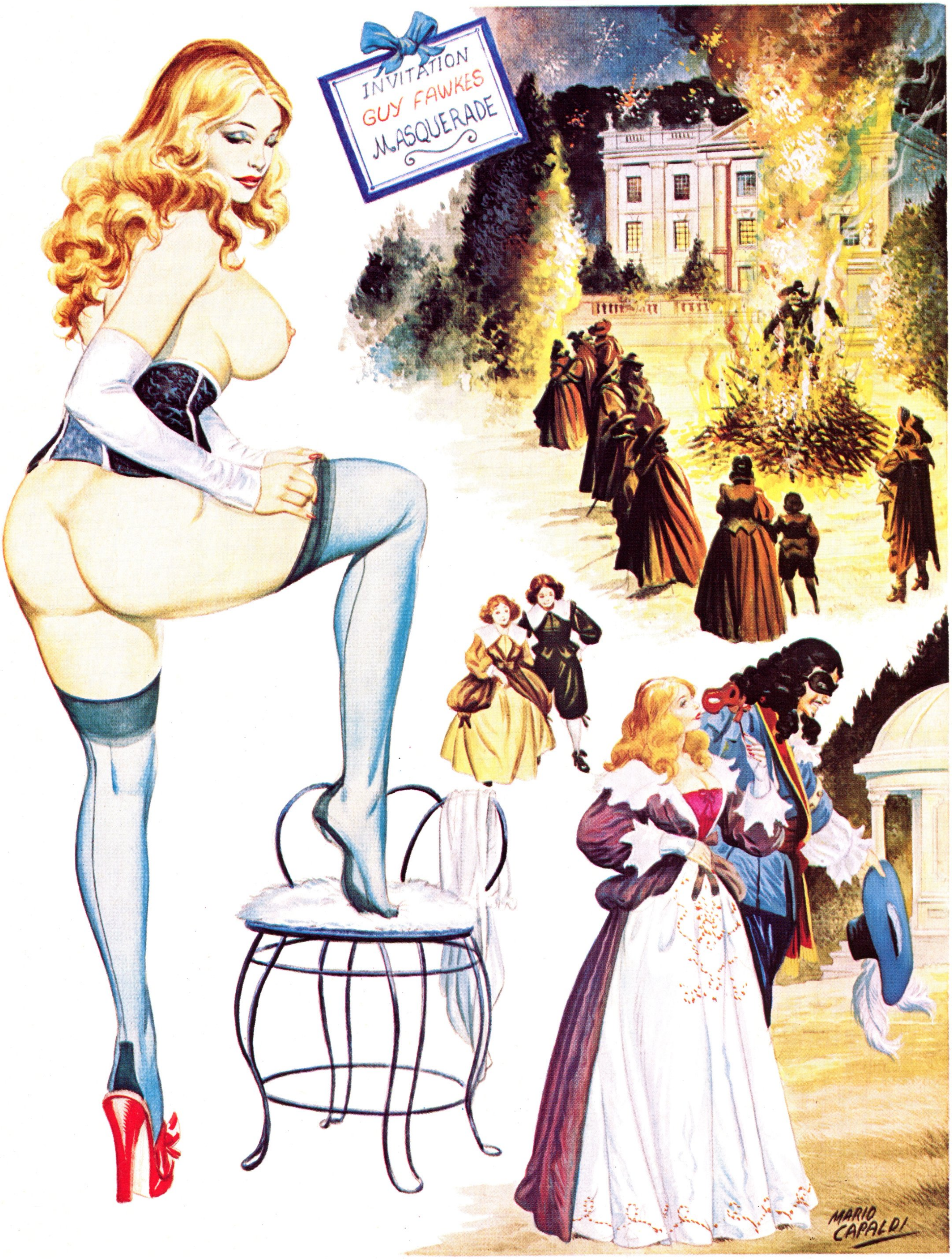
Quest: And that was your only sexual experience with Michael?

PA: Oh no. We went to bed, in fact the next time I saw him, very conventionally; I went out with him several times, but it was never like that again. And away from the track he was still the shit he always had been. So it petered out. But it was still an amazing experience when it happened. I'd never done that before. I doubt very much if I'll ever do it again.

Quest: Thank you.

CARRIE

A banger gives our cracker a start at a Guy Fawkes party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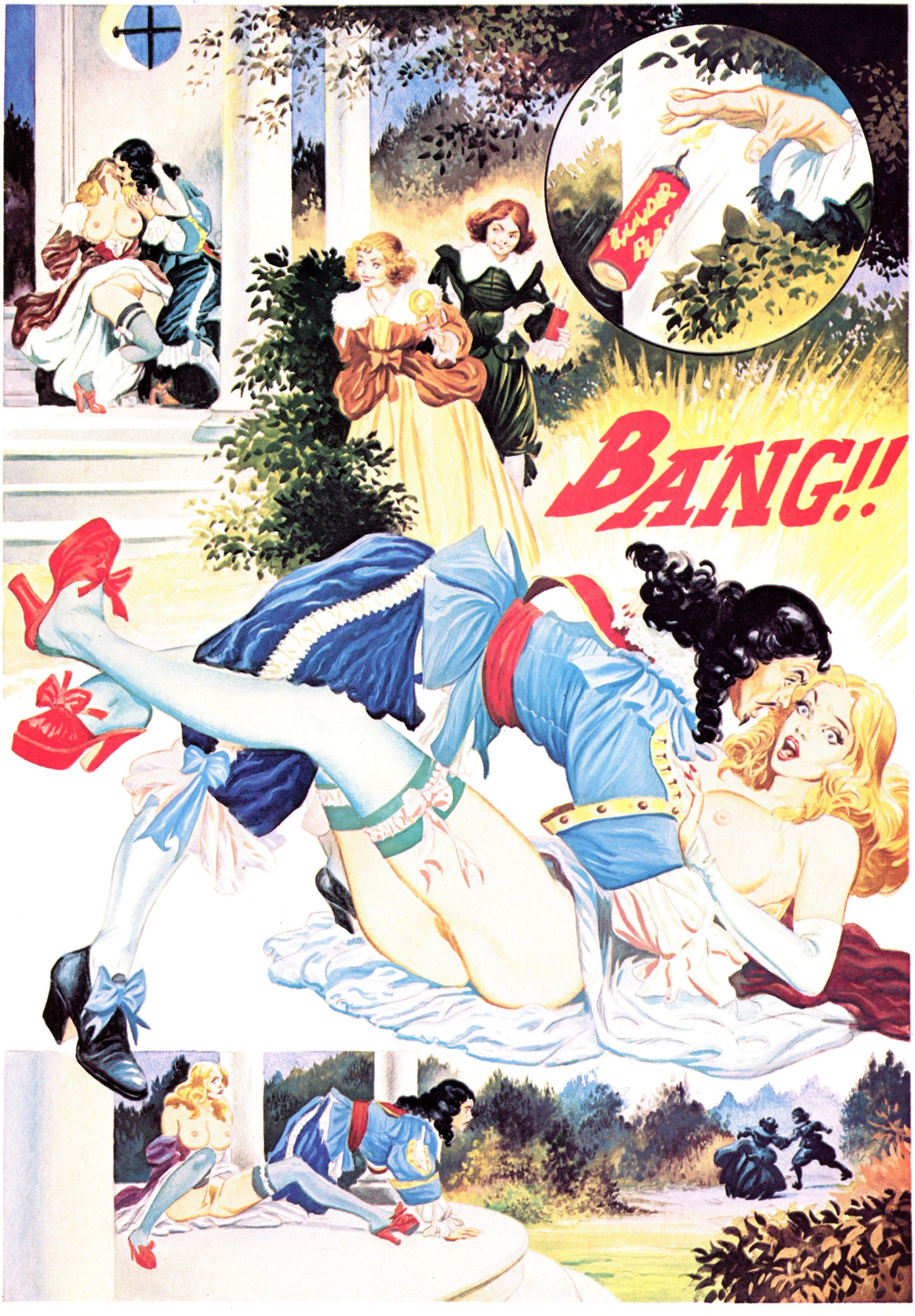
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BANG!!